

The AMERICAN GIRL

October
1950 • 20¢



Ray Buchanan

First step toward that march down the aisle...

NOW THAT I'm almost grown up, I'm brooding about the future. School can't go on forever, and I'm certainly not the career type.

"I'm a little young to begin picking bridesmaids. (Mother's eyebrows would go sky-high at the thought!) But a girl can't start too soon to plan for marriage and a home of her own.

"So I've started collecting my very own sterling silver, my first step toward that march down the aisle!

"I want International Sterling, because it's the best of all. I've sent for my Silver Record,* and with it came a folder showing the more-than-a-dozen lovely International patterns. They're all so attractive it's hard to choose, but it's pretty exciting just to be making a decision as important as this!"

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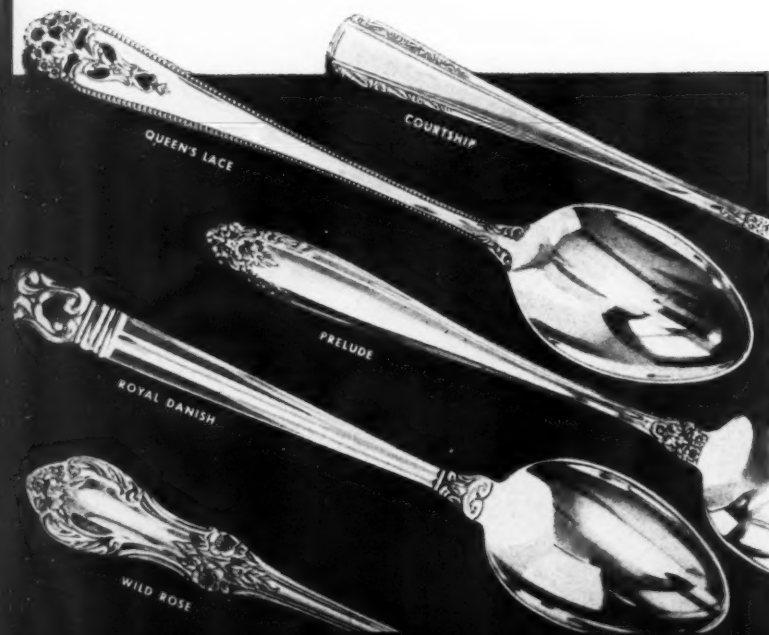
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All patterns made by The International Silver Company in the U.S.A.



by RUTH BAKER BOWMAN

Emily of Deep Valley. By MAUD HART LOVELACE. *Thomas Y. Crowell Company*, \$2.50. It is June, 1912, and Emily Webster, an orphan who lives with her grandfather in a little white house in Deep Valley, is graduating from high school. First come the excitements of Class Day, Commencement, and summer fun with the crowd—then, loneliness and depression as Emily waves her friends off to college and settles down to keep house for Grandpa in Deep Valley. This book is mainly the story of how Emily musters her wits to pull herself out of the Slough of Despond and turn her "lost year" into a rich, important one. She puts up her hair, starts a Browning study group, masters the Gaby Glide, goes to parties with an older crowd, yes. But it is when she forgets her own plight and begins to help the town's outcast Syrian population that she earns surprising and lasting rewards, not the least of which is romance. Today, friends and teachers would probably see to it that a girl like Emily (a good student and star of the Debating Team) went to college. But forty years ago higher education for women was not as readily accepted as it is now, and here lies Emily's absorbing problem. If you've read Maud Hart Lovelace's Betsy-Tracy books, you'll recognize some old friends in this new Deep Valley story.

The Tall Stallion. By ELEANOR HOFFMANN. *Dodd, Mead & Company*, \$2.50. The author of such popular American Girl Short shorts as *Polonaise* and *Two Camels*, now brings us the story of Tom and Bess Barrie, twelve-year-old twins whose father is foreman of the California Rancho Cabrillo. As the book opens, the twins hear the upsetting news that the ranch has been sold to an Easterner, a man more interested in raising and training thoroughbred horses than in the prize Hereford cattle for which the ranch is famous. Assured that Mr. Barrie will stay on as herdsman for the new owner, Tom and Bess feel happier and, though loyal to their tough, clever little cow ponies, they cannot help being impressed by the tall stallion and three lovely mares who soon arrive at the ranch, along with Fred Niles, their friendly trainer. Not so their father, however, who resents the time the twins come to spend in helping school the thoroughbreds—"pleasure riding," he calls it. Thus, when financial trouble strikes, and the twins set out to prove that a stable of thoroughbreds can learn to do their share of ranch work, they are forced to do their training in secret. There is a bad drought, a gay housewarming, an exciting tangle with cattle thieves, and bitter tragedy, too, in this fast-moving story which is full

(Continued on page 48)

THE AMERICAN GIRL



"I was troubled with blemishes* and Noxzema came to my rescue," says pretty Carol Beck, Philadelphia cheerleader. "Now I use it every day before applying make-up and before going to bed. It helps keep my skin looking soft and smooth and it leaves no oily film!"

Do blemishes* spoil your looks?

Help your skin look lovelier
with this Quick
2-Step Beauty Routine

● Don't just let blemishes* make you unhappy. Help your skin look softer, smoother, more naturally lovely!

The secret is a new Quick 2-Step Beauty Routine, using just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless Noxzema. And here's all you do:

Easy as washing your face

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. Why. Noxzema even smells clean!

After drying, smooth on a film of greaseless Noxzema. It's a grand powder base and gives your skin two all-day benefits. First, medicated Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes*... second, it helps protect your skin!

2. Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime!

Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal—helps skin look softer,

smoother. It's greaseless! No "smeary" face or pillow with dainty Noxzema!

Developed by a Doctor

A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Beauty Routine. When it was tested, 4 out of 5 showed lovelier-looking skin. See if it doesn't help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion. Get it today—while you can get the 85¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.



Rough, dry skin. "Originally, I used Noxzema for rough, dry, chapped skin," says Maitland Lucille Barnes of Baltimore. "It was such a grand help—both for that condition and for blemishes*—that now it's my regular all-purpose cream!"

MONEY SAVING OFFER

on

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Big 85¢ Jar

now only **59¢** plus tax

Limited offer—stock up now!

Are you in the know?



What to do about "mousy" hair?

- ☐ Keep it under your hat
- ☐ Try catnip tea
- ☐ Take a capsule

If you're a Jeanie with dull, drab hair . . . you can spark up tired tresses with a color rinse (not a dye) that comes in capsules — washes out with the next shampoo. Harmless! Dreamy shades! Choose the one best for you—slightly lighter than your natural locks. To give you the *protection* best for you at "problem" time — Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). Choose Regular, Junior or Super. Whichever suits your particular needs.



Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

- ☐ A creamy pillow
- ☐ A steamy shower
- ☐ Stay indoors

For that "peaches" look, dry complexions need cream — (lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Instead, at curfew, slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex* tissues. Good grooming habit. Saves face. And at calendar-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to ask for Kotex—the napkin with the exclusive *safety center*. This special safeguard wards off worry; gives you Grade A confidence.



When asked where you'd like to go?

- ☐ Have a plan or two
- ☐ Pick the town's top nitery
- ☐ Shrug your shoulders

If that New Man leaves the doings up to you — the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant *confidently*, even on "certain" occasions . . . with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, because those special, *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.



If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

- ☐ Consider him a "Mama's boy"
- ☐ Make with the green eyes
- ☐ Hang onto him

Begrudge sharing your football date? Not you! You appreciate a steady Freddy who's considerate of his parents. As he treats *them*, he'll be treating you, someday. And a good man is worth hanging on to. Wherever you go, on "those days," defeat discomfort

with Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. Keeps you *extra* comfortable, when teamed with your new Kotex Belt. It's made with soft-stretch elastic (non-curling, non-twisting). Washable. Dries fast.



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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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NUMBER 10



You Mean You Haven't Heard About the MIDWEST EARNING PLAN?

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MAID OF HONOR BAGS A PRIZE!



1. The maid of honor has her problems, too. Months ahead we start clothes hunting for Sis' wedding—but the budget won't stretch to glamourize me! With lots of parties, how can I dazzle the best man (handsome college man!) minus divine glamour duds?



2. In search of solace, I visit Jan, my best side-kick. "Look what came!" she says, pointing to a life-size figure standing on the porch. "It has no head, but from the neck down it looks like Mom!" I should be excited, but with my woes, I'm not in a guessing-game mood.



3. Then Jan's mother shows up. "It's a dress form, just my size," she explains. "I sew, you know, and had it made at the SINGER SEWING CENTER." "Could I learn to sew?" I gasp. So she describes SINGER sewing classes. Lessons under experts for only \$8... you make a dress while learning!

4. I sign up for the course and find it's terrific. The teacher shows us all the musts for stitching up a dress—cutting, fitting, styling, finishing—and while I'm at it, I make the dream-dress of all time. It does the trick, too—I wear it the night of the wedding rehearsal and the best man comes through with a bid to a football week end.

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Singer!

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\$* The dress illustrated requires 4½ yards of 39" material for size 13. The pattern number may be obtained from your local SINGER SEWING CENTER.

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Nancy's thoughts were far away from the Civil War. She had been drawing doodles of Ricky

A Date with Ricky

by ANNE EMERY

Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander

NANCY PRESTON studied the doodles she was drawing on her notebook as if she hoped they'd solve her problem. How did you get a boy to ask you for another date after you had turned him down twice? But her scrawls offered no answer and her eyes slanted toward the sun glinting off Ricky Holden's black crew cut, three aisles away and two seats back. Ricky was listening attentively to what Mr. Foster was saying to the history class.

There was only one Ricky Holden in the senior class, and he was a swimming champion, class treasurer, and chairman of the student council. Last summer he had been life guard at the local beach. That was when Nancy had first become aware of him. He had flashed into the water one bright morning and rescued a little six-year-old girl who had gone too far in. He had been so gentle with the frightened little thing, as he soothed her and calmed her mother, that Nancy had been struck all in a heap right then, and she'd never recovered.

She and Ricky had become friendly after that, and along in August, he had asked her for a date. It broke Nancy's heart to tell him she was busy. But that was the Saturday night her folks had scheduled a big family reunion with three aunts, two uncles, and some assorted cousins from out of town, and Nancy just couldn't get out of it. After that the beach had closed and she hadn't seen him so often. She thought he would surely ask her again, some week end. But

Turn Ricky down again? Nancy was on the spot

two months passed before he called, and then she'd had a date with Rudolph, for whom she didn't care at all. If she had been as easygoing as some of the girls she knew, she would have told Rudolph she couldn't go out with him, after all. But breaking a date just because something better had come up was a thing she never had been able to do. She had tried to explain to Rick, but all he seemed to notice was that she couldn't go with him.

He hadn't called since. Sometimes he didn't even notice her in school. Nothing she did seemed to impress him at all.

At least hardly ever. The day before yesterday he had said hello when she came into the class. Nancy's heart beat a little faster as she remembered his warm smile and the lift of his eyebrow. But yesterday he had gone past her in the hall as if she were a fire extinguisher or something. What was wrong with her?

It couldn't be her looks. Without vanity, Nancy knew her face was all right, with her black-lashed gray eyes and wide cheekbones and pointed, little chin. Her black hair was smooth and shining.

It couldn't be her personality. Lots of the other boys had asked her to the movies and school dances and parties. It was just her hard luck that no one who liked her was as exciting as Ricky Holden, who evidently didn't. She jabbed her pencil into her page, punctuating the doodles with holes. Just how did you—?

"Will you review the causes leading up to the Civil War, Miss Preston?"

NANCY jumped and turned bright pink. Probably Mr. Foster had just been reviewing them himself, but you couldn't prove it by her. The class noticed her prolonged silence and turned to look at her. Uncontrollably Nancy's gray eyes caught Rick's blue ones. He grinned. He looked almost sympathetic. Her thoughts whirled. "Why, uh, Lincoln was opposed to slavery," she began, wildly trying to remember what she had read the night before.

"So he was," agreed Mr. Foster ironically, "but I can't seem to recall any authority who gives that as a cause."

He folded his thin lips together and waited with obvious patience for her to proceed. Nancy felt like a butterfly on a pin. Then, fortunately, the bell rang! The students picked up their books at once and moved toward the door.

"Saved by the gong," muttered a voice by her side. Ricky was grinning down as if she would enjoy the joke with him.

"A close thing!" she agreed, laughing. "He caught me cold!"

"It happens to all of us," said Ricky. Were his eyes really interested, or was he just passing the time of day? She watched him disappear around the corner of the hall before she went into her chemistry class.

She paid close attention to the chemistry experiment for most of the period. It wasn't quite so hard when Rick wasn't

in the same class. And during her club meeting after school she forgot him altogether. She thought about the club program all the way home.

"Hi, Mom!" Nancy dropped her books on the desk in the front room and went out to the kitchen, where her mother was making apple pie for supper.

"Yum!" Nancy perched on the edge of the step stool by the table and nibbled a cinnamon-sugared apple slice. "What's new?"

"Mrs. Cullen wants you to call her," reported her mother, unfolding a flaky top crust over the apple slices and sealing it in place. "Something about Friday night, I think. Are you sitting with her children then?"

Nancy nodded. "It's her bridge-club night. She asked me a week ago. I hope she hasn't changed her mind, because I need the money." She slipped off the stool and went to the telephone.

"Six instead of six thirty? That will be okay, Mrs. Cullen. I'll be there."

"She just wants me a little earlier," she told her mother. "The Cullen kids are cute most of the time, but once in a while they're simply terrible. Seems to me if I had four children I could do better than she does with hers."

"That's what most people think, until after they have them," said her mother with a smile. "Will you shell those peas, while I peel the potatoes?"

Nancy shelled the peas and went into the dining room to set the table. Suddenly Rick popped back into her thoughts uninvited. He was really wonderful, with his beautiful tan and flashing white teeth, and he was practically the only boy she knew whose crew cut was becoming. He didn't seem to have a girl. If only he'd ask her for a date just once more, nothing would keep her from going. Nothing.

She was just settling down to study for those Civil War questions, after the dishes were done, when the telephone rang. Lifting the receiver, she thought with a pang: Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were Rick? Suddenly she felt limp all over. It was Rick.

"Friday night? Why, I'd love to! No, I haven't seen that movie. I've been wanting to. That will be fine, then. Friday, at seven thirty."

She clung to the telephone for a minute after he had hung up. It had really happened! She had a date with Ricky Holden! She'd wear her new gray date dress with the red stitching, red buttons and belt, and full, push-up sleeves.

Humming, she spun back to her desk and tried to focus on the history pages. But her eyes were foggy. Friday night! But that was the night of Mrs. Cullen's bridge party! She'd better call right away and explain that she couldn't come.

As she dialed, she rehearsed what she'd say. This was Monday night, and of course Mrs. Cullen could get someone else by Friday.

"Mrs. Cullen? This is Nancy. I am sorry, but I don't think I can come Fri-



day night after all. Something has come up—no, I wouldn't want you to miss your club but—look, I think I could get someone else to take my place. Okay? I'll let you know."

She hung up thoughtfully. She really did have to study that history but she'd better settle this sitting problem first. She couldn't afford to wait too long to arrange for Friday night. She dialed busily.

Mary Jane was busy. Peggy was sitting



with the de Forest children. Lucille had a club meeting that night.

Nancy sat back and stared at the telephone. Never mind. This was only Monday. Tomorrow she would find another sitter for Mrs. Cullen. Plenty of time; nothing to worry about. With a long sigh she plunged into the Civil War.

Tuesday was a bright, wonderful day, in spite of the gray November weather. Nancy felt like a queen, a prima donna,

a movie star. She had a date with Ricky Holden for Friday night. He grinned at her a couple of times when she didn't expect it. She had no idea what she had said on the exam, when she had handed in her paper. But it was over. All she had to do was to fix up Friday night for Mrs. Cullen. Four other girls had made plans and couldn't help her out. That exhausted the list of girls she knew who did sitting. She talked to Mrs. Cullen again, and

Nancy knew, unhappily, that this was going to be *One of Those Nights*

Mrs. Cullen was emphatic about counting on that night. She gave Nancy the names of three older women who sometimes sat for her during school hours. She seemed to think it was Nancy's responsibility to find a substitute.

Nancy called (*Continued on page 28*)

THE STORY SO FAR: Deeply indebted to her elderly cousins Retta and Felix, Christine found it hard to insist upon changing her job against the wishes of Retta, the dominant character in the home on Brooklyn Heights. Back home in Vermont, Christine had persuaded her widowed mother to allow her to accept Retta's offer to "take Christine and educate her." The brother and sister had given her a comfortable home, good clothes, and her education. But Cousin Retta had no sympathy with Christine's desire to go to college and had gotten her a job in a bank. Hating the bank and wanting to write, Christine had been offered a job in a bookstore, but only after kindly, understanding Cousin Felix had added his arguments and persuasions to Christine's pleas had his sister given a grudging consent. The first week in John Summerfield's bookstore was all Christine had dreamed of in a job. She began a story on the week end, but was interrupted when her friend Judy telephoned that she and her steady beau, Ben, had made a date for Christine with a new young man, Hugo. Annoyed at Judy's attempts to arrange her social affairs for her, Christine vowed to discourage Hugo speedily and get back to her story.

PART TWO

CHRISTINE was still working on her story Sunday night, when the doorbell announced her callers. "It's a start anyway," she said to herself as she ran a comb briskly through her short brown curls and reluctantly went downstairs. She had hardly stepped inside the half-drawn velours draperies at the wide, front-parlor doors, when Judy sang out, "Hi, Christie!" Then as Christine came into the room, she added, "You know Ben, and this is Hugo—Hugo Kinsmer. He and Ben work together."

Hugo was good-looking, Christine decided. Big and broad-shouldered, and with an air about him. Sitting on top of the world, that was it. Perhaps he needed taking down a bit. Not that she was the one to do it. She didn't intend to see him after tonight.

"How are you, Chris?" he greeted her. "I've heard a lot

about you from Judy. She seems to think you're pretty special. Are you?"

"I wouldn't know about that," she answered, smiling in spite of herself. "We're all pretty special to ourselves, I guess." She thought: His smile is the kind that makes you want to smile back.

"We're going to the movies," Hugo announced. "Go get your coat, Chris." The smile flashed again, but this time Christine was thinking that he might have asked if she wanted to go to the movies. So he was one of those masterful ones. But she did get her coat.

After the picture, they walked back, and when Judy and Ben had turned off at Judy's corner, Hugo asked, "How come you're sitting at home on Sunday night, reading a book?"

"I wasn't reading a book. Just writing one. At least a short story."

"Oh, no; you mustn't do that," he said. "Might possibly spoil your chances."

"Chances? What chances?" Christine stopped to look at him in amazement.

"Of getting a husband, of course. Haven't you noticed? Men don't like career wives."

"They marry them, times enough," Christine observed crisply.

"And divorce them," Hugo added. "My wife won't be anything but Mrs. Hugo Kinsmer."

"Be sure you tell her that beforehand. Though that might spoil *your* chances."

"Not if I have a good living to offer her. And I will have."

Christine found him irritating. "I'll take the career," she replied shortly.

"So you're stubborn, hey?" he said. "Wait till you fall for somebody. I know your kind. You'll fall hard. And *pouf* will go your career. Well, I wish you luck," he told her cheerfully. "And here we are, home. Well, I'll be seeing you. Oh yes, I will, and soon. Good night."

Stairway to the Sky

by MARGUERITE S. DICKSON

Illustrated by John Veron

Christine was proud to have John as
her first drawing master, and she was
very proud to have him as her first
drawing master.



Christine went in and up to her room. Before she even took off her coat, she picked up the yellow manuscript. Reading eagerly, as if it were someone else's story, she tried to recapture the enthusiasm with which she had put down the words. But the enthusiasm did not come back. "It isn't any good," she wailed, and tossed the scribbled pages to the floor. So she'd take the career. If she could. That was it—if she could.

THE NEXT few weeks were too full for writing. She was busy getting used to the routine of the shop, and every spare minute she could get went into reading, getting acquainted with the books on the shelves, and skimming the new ones as they came in. The heavy, sophisticated novels filled her with a sort of terror. "What do I know of that kind of living?" she asked herself. And the earthy realism of stories about factoryworkers or tenant farmers in the Deep South was just as frightening. There was so much in life of which she knew nothing. "Write about the things you know." They had taught her that in high school. But it had to be what people wanted to read about, too.

One day Christine was helping John place the new books for the Christmas trade on the shelves.

"Writing any these days?" John asked casually, as she handed him one volume after another.

"Not much," she confessed. "I'm puzzled. I don't know what to write about."

"People, naturally," he answered. "You took writing courses in college, didn't you?"

"I didn't even take college," she said lightly.

"Of course. You're too young to have that behind you." He reached for another book. There was a second of silence. Then he spoke again. "What made you think—" He paused in slight embarrassment.

"That I could write? It is funny, isn't it?" she said stiffly. "My father was a writer, that's probably why. He died when I was six. He had written one good novel, though."

"Tough luck. I'd like to see his book." He moved over to another shelf.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "No college. Hurdle too high to jump."

"I wouldn't say that," he answered slowly. "You might have to work harder, though." He pulled a book from the pile she handed him. "Have you looked at this? Career book for girls, about how to be a writer." Christine shook her head.

"Read it," he suggested. "Take it home tonight."

Christine agreed, but almost instantly amended, "No, not tonight. Going out."

"Oh, the boy friend. Well, take it in back and start it now. I'd like to know what you think."

When he found her still reading an hour or two later, she looked up to say, "I don't believe all this, you know."

"Who asked you to believe it?" He asked with an amused grin.

"I don't mean," Christine explained with a sudden rush of humility, "that there isn't anything here to learn. There is, plenty. But the book makes everything too easy. The girl meets an author, and the author tells her how to do it. Tells her just once, and she has it for keeps. Then she writes a prize novel and is set for life."

She laid the book down and said explosively, "Prize! I'd settle for a letter saying, 'We'll publish your story, even though it isn't worth paying for.' If I could, just once, see something I'd written in print, I'd have courage to keep on trying."

"Keep on, anyway," said John. "Seeing your name in print is not the important thing. Not for a babe in arms, like you."

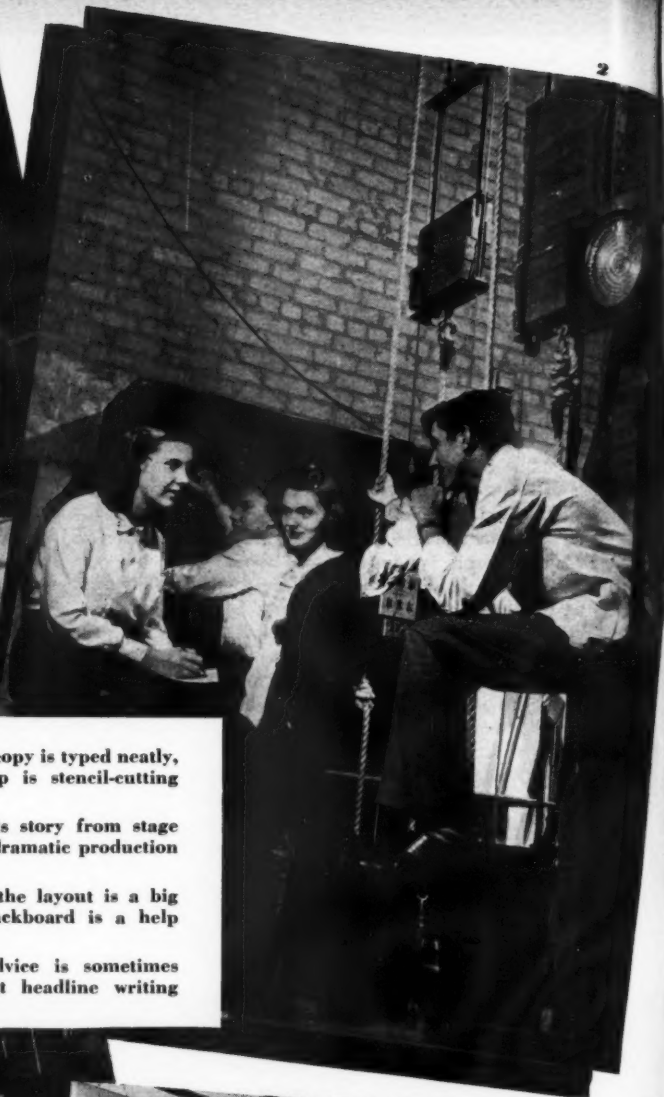
Christine flushed with momentary anger, but John didn't notice. "It's five thirty," he said, "and raining great guns. Put on your rubbers and that fancy red raincoat and run along."

Christine obeyed. Hugo was coming that evening to take her out. Judy and Ben were going with them, but they would probably argue the whole evening the (Continued on page 43)





All Photos by Three Lions, Inc.



1. After the copy is typed neatly, the next step is stencil-cutting

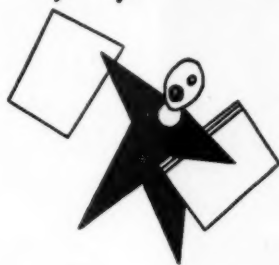
2. Editor gets story from stage manager of dramatic production

3. Planning the layout is a big job. The blackboard is a help

4. Expert advice is sometimes needed about headline writing



The Newspaper Game



by LYLE M. CRIST

HAVE YOU EVER thought of printing your own newspaper—one that would contain news about you and your friends, your club or gang? A newsheet is a mighty handy thing to help keep groups together, and at the same time those in charge of putting it out are having fun and gaining newspaper know-how.

Several years ago, a girl in our town, who was then in junior high school, began mimeographing a four-page paper and giving it to her friends in school.

Later, many of the girls left school, moved on—some out of town, others to different neighborhoods. But the group did not disband—not entirely, at least. The paper still comes out once a month, and the girls keep up with the doings of all the others by “remote control.” Each one writes her news to the editor who, in turn, puts the items in the next edition of the newspaper. Stories of what the girls are doing, whom they’ve seen, amusing and interesting happenings, and family news fill most of the paper. Jokes round out the remaining space and everyone gets a kick from the final product.

Of course, there are some expenses for production and distribution; each of the “subscribers” chips in a small amount to pay for stamps, paper, ink, and printing.

A newspaper is a fine thing for groups that meet regularly, too. It can build up interest in a club’s activities. It can remind members of coming events and of questions discussed at meetings.

If you are a Girl Scout, you may want to consider having a troop paper. Many troops do have successful ones. Other Girl Scouts and Senior Scouts help to get out their council bulletins. A troop or council newsheet—published regularly—not only keeps members up to date but also is a fine way to tell the whole community about Girl Scouting.

All right. So you’re sold on a newspaper—for a club, a school, or neighborhood group. The first thing you’ll probably want to know is, “Where are we going to get the news?”

News is everywhere, in everything you and your friends do. Meetings, club projects, trips, fashions, movies, plays, school

activities, games—all can make interesting news. Your newspaper should have two kinds of stories—up-to-the-minute news (telling about future plans and the latest happenings) and features (stories in which the time element is not important).

Features can be about the members of your own group and others—their hobbies, favorite books and movies, and opinions. News must be timely and tell about things that have recently happened or will happen. If you use both news and features, your paper will best cover all angles of your group; omitting features would mean leaving out some of the “human interest.”

SELECTING THE STAFF for your newspaper is an important step. Girls should be picked not only for their special talents, but also for their willingness to work. The number of staff members needed depends on the paper’s size and circulation.

For a club with twenty to twenty-five members, seven girls will provide an adequate newspaper staff. The one who supervises all the work is the editor in chief. Working closely with her should be a news editor, a feature editor, a contests editor, a society editor, a production editor, and a business manager.

The editor in chief should be a good organizer who knows all the girls quite well. It’s not wise to get the most popular or most active girl for this post, however, for she may be too busy to do a good newspaper job. It is the task of the editor in chief to make assignments, to read all the stories, and to check them for accuracy. The editor often has a column of her own, where she gives her opinion on various activities and problems.

All timely stories go through the news editor, and she should be an active, dynamic, outgoing person—the type that knows the score at all times.

Personality sketches, and stories which do not depend on up-to-the-minute details, are handled by the feature editor.

She should be one of the best writers in the group.

The job of the contests editor is much like that of the sports editor of a commercial newspaper. She writes up all athletic functions, games, or contests.

The society editor serves as the “contact” girl. She reports on all meetings or gatherings held with other clubs and tries to promote interclub activities.

The production editor makes the layout for the paper, sees that copy is in on time, and supervises the mechanical production.

Finally, the business manager sees that all copies of the newspaper are distributed to subscribers. It is also her duty to handle any expenses involved in the preparation of the paper—equipment, paper, ink, pencils, stamps, and other supplies. The club treasurer usually makes an ideal business manager.

If others want to serve on the paper, they can be reporters and take special assignments from one of the editors.

One of your first tasks will be to get a name for your paper. If your group is called “Rovers” the paper can simply be “Rover News” or something more catchy—like “Rover Riting.” Perhaps a contest among members will produce a good name.

NOW, A FEW POINTERS about planning your layout. The best teen-age newspapers use arrangements of two and four pages. If your group has more news than you can get into that number of pages, then jump to six or eight. It’s easiest to use regular 8½-inch by 11-inch paper, although “legal” size (8½-inch by 14-inch) can be used if you need more space.

Divide each page into two columns; if you don’t set the page in columns, the result doesn’t look much like a newspaper. You can use three columns, but then each is rather narrow.

Your most exciting stories are of course given front-page space. And it’s a good idea to plan your paper so that a certain space is devoted regularly to features, sports and games, society news, editorials and so on. Then, you can adapt your plan (*Continued on page 42*)

Got a nose for news? Want to see yourself in print? Even a small group can have fun with its own newspaper



She hadn't been able to talk to them. She couldn't do it. Not even for her mother

by HANNAH SMITH

Illustrated by Nina Albright

KATRIN had been repeating the words over and over to herself all day as she went, absent-eyed and sick-hearted, from class to class at Jefferson High.

"I'll walk right to their table and explain the whole thing. They won't need to come. But—of course they will! Surely they'll understand about Mother."

Now the moment had come. She stood outside the door of the Soda Shop, Jefferson's most popular afterschool hang-out, and held her blond, braid-wrapped head as stiffly erect as possible, although her knees were trembling. Through the window she could see the big table where the Kandy Kids were sitting—a half dozen of the most popular and most attractive girls in school.

"It will only take a minute. After all, the worst they can say is 'No.'"

She took a deep breath and walked in. But neither her gaze nor her steps turned toward the big table. She marched straight down the room and took a stool at the far end of the counter.

"A lemon coke, please," she said faintly to Pop Watson. *She hadn't been able to do it. She couldn't do it. Not even for her mother.* She would have to go home and confess that the yearlong act had been just that—an act. Her mother would have to know, at last, that the whole lively story, told each afternoon piece by piece, like a bright-colored comic strip, had been made of nothing but chance encounters, scraps of overheard conversation—and Katrin's own imagination.

She tried to keep her eyes from the wall mirror behind the fountain, but the noisy, laughing group at the table by the window was a magnet. Bouncy Melba Arkwright, the student-body treasurer, was telling a story, and the other five girls were laughing uproariously as they listened.

"... and then Miss Merrick told him to show her what he'd written, and Dick opened his notebook and there was the cartoon! She had him, fair and square!"

Katrin listened shamelessly, memorizing details from force of habit. Unconsciously she scanned the familiar faces—blond, fragile Beth Ellen Frey who had been the lead in the junior play; pert little monkey-faced Arlene Waller, the "Hi-Jin's" editor—pretty Marjorie Leeson; tall, dark Patricia Davis; Janet Parrish, the Girls' League president. Each of them was wearing a tiny candy cane, either pinned to her blouse collar or thrust through a jacket buttonhole.

"Anything else?" Pop asked, and Katrin looked down at her empty glass in surprise. She shook her head, put the money on the counter, and walked quickly toward the door. It seemed to her that the conversation at the big table died, as she passed, and that the six girls were all looking her way. Painful, bright color dyed her face. She was unbearably conscious of her Swedish fairness, her unfashionable braids and the conspicuous, childish embroidery all around her blouse top and the full hem of her skirt. She had been crazy even to think she could walk up to that table!

At least, she told herself miserably, walking homeward, I won't need to tell Mother how I feel about the embroidery. She thinks it's the envy of Jefferson High. Not that it will make any difference. Not after what I'll just have to tell

Katrin and the Seventh Cane

How does a girl tell her mother she's been playing a part for a year?

her today! Before she does anything about those invitations!

She closed the hall door behind her and stood for a minute trying to gather up courage for the ordeal ahead of her. Automatically she took out the tiny candy cane she always carried in her purse and started to pin it on the smocked yoke of her blouse. Then she remembered, and she reached over and dropped it in the wastebasket by the hall table.

"At least," she thought with bitter relief, "I won't have to worry about someone seeing that in my purse any more!"

"Katie honey, is that you?" Her mother's voice from the sun porch was so warmly eager that Katrin's eyes smarted.

"Be with you in a minute," she called back lightly.

How can I ever tell her? she thought despairingly. Denied all visitors, her mother had lived vicariously at Jefferson High the whole past year. From habit, Katrin's walk, as she went out on the sun porch, was an exact copy of Beth Ellen's nonchalant saunter. The daily act, she realized shamedly, had become second nature to her. But now her mother would have to know the truth—before she wrote those invitations. She's better, Katrin thought. Lots better. Maybe it won't make any difference to her now. Maybe—

"Mother," she began, standing in the doorway, her words tumbling out, "I've got something to tell—" She stopped, gasped.

FROM HER WHEEL CHAIR, Mrs. Neilsen was smiling at Katrin in delight. "Aren't they cute?" Across the lapboard on her chair stood a row of tiny, colorful figures—a skater, a ballet dancer, a miniature prima donna—each cleverly contrived of scraps of colored felt and silk—and red-and-white candy canes.

Katrin's eyes went dazedly from the figures to the side table where a stack of cards and envelopes leaned against a bottle of red ink. *The invitations!* A red-and-white cane blazed gaudily from the top card.

"I've been having a wonderful time!" Mrs. Neilsen's thin face, between her two heavy, ash-blond braids, glowed up at Katrin. She looks gay, animated—*young*, Katrin thought, remembering the gaunt, listless face in the darkened bedroom several months ago.

"The favors. The invitations. And I've even ordered the food! I stole a march on you, Katie!"

Katrin reached woodenly for one of the tiny figures on the lapboard. The saucy little Spanish dancer was complete even to a miniature mantilla of black lace.

"That's for Linda Ann," her mother explained eagerly. "Because she's majoring in Spanish, you know. What's the matter, Katrin? Don't you feel well?"

Katrin put the doll carefully back on the board. "Oh, I feel fine," she answered quickly. "The favors are beautiful." Now she was sure of one thing—she could never tell her mother!

"Oh, I meant to ask you," Mrs. Neilsen said. "How did the Kandy Kids like your new blouse?"

The act, Katrin realized, had become automatic. She had never once told her mother an outright lie, but her evasions were so glib she even amazed herself. "Oh, I guess they're all so used to your pretty handwork by now, they don't even say anything," she answered lightly, "but I noticed they all simply *stared* when I walked into the Soda Shop today."

Her mother's gratified eyes shone. She cupped her chin in her hands. "What else happened today? Tell me," she urged. "Any big school news?"

Katrin shook her head. "Nothing special. Melba told a funny story this afternoon at the Soda Shop. It was about Dick Carpenter. He's always drawing cartoons, you know, usually pictures of the teachers, but I guess Miss Merrick finally caught up with him today—"

As soon as she could, Katrin went upstairs to her room and closed the door. She sat down on the edge of her bed and stared at the wall. She had never dreamed last fall when she and her mother moved to San Lorenzo and she had entered Jefferson High that she would ever get herself into a mess like this!



Dr. Tageler had started it. "You're going to be the only social life your mother will have for a year," he had told her gravely that day last August. "She's going to have to stay flat on her back for most of the year, and even after she can sit up, she won't be able to have company. I'm depending on you to keep her cheerful."

Katrin hadn't been able to explain to Dr. Tageler that she was bashful—terribly, terribly shy, that when someone spoke to her she froze up, couldn't think of a thing to say. People hadn't been friendly, anyway—a few girls had spoken to her at first, but after they had said "Hello" a few times, they merely nodded to her in the halls. Snobbish, all of them.

Passing a candy display in the drugstore had given her the idea. That had been the start of a yearlong masquerade—the act she could do so convincingly now—of a popular, busy Kandy Kid member rushing home (Continued on page 31)

Double-Duty Hairdos

By MARION GLENDINING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHYLLIS TWACHTMAN



1. Best length for long bobs this season is three and a half inches at back of neck. Brush casually off the face for everyday wear

3. Bang hairdo, short at sides, is still popular despite trend to longer hair. This style has ends softly turned, ears covered

2. For party-going, brush back over ears, bangs forward. Place two long bobbies up either side of the back; brush ends forward

4. For date time, when a girl wants to look less like her big sister's little sister, she sweeps the ends up and back off her face

GOOD FUN, and easy on the allowance too, is a hairdo that can be worn two different ways.

You know the kind we mean: One that can be arranged one way for every day, then combed or pinned still a different way for party going. And all with a minimum of fuss.

In these pictures you'll find a short cut and a long one that are well worth trying.

If you have a long, thin face with pointed features, or a hairline as irregular as a map of the coast of Maine, try the one with bangs. It's for you.

If you have a heart-shaped or round face, try the one with the hair pushed back. This makes your jawline longer, your whole face prettier.

And don't think for a minute that because these styles were designed especially for us by one of New York's famed coiffure artists, Mr. Charles of Werner of Switzerland's Fifth Avenue salon, that you can't do them yourself. You can. He designed them so you could. But you must have a good haircut to begin with.

"After that, a teen doesn't have to go to a beauty shop until she needs a cut again," he says.

"What about permanents?" we asked, and he replied that good permanents help keep hair manageable if the curly or wavy type of hairdo is your choice.

Of course the styles illustrated can be worn without a permanent, but you'll have to cope with the nightly routine of bobbies and pin curls.

Mr. Charles, and others we interviewed, agreed that a good hairbrush is a girl's best friend as far as pretty hair is concerned.

So you don't have to envy that girl with bright and shining hair who sits in front of you. You can have it too. Good, regular brushing is the secret, especially these days, when you want to rid your hair of the effects of summer sun and dryness. There's no substitute for natural oil, the experts say, and brushing is one of the best ways to bring it out.

Here's the method they recommend:

1. Bend upper body forward while in standing position. (This brings blood to the head, boosts circulation.) Try standing on your toes at the same time, if you can manage it. (This helps circulation even more, they claim.)

2. Brush with a gently turning, wrist motion. (This transports oil through scalp to ends of hair. Gives that glamorous sheen.)

3. Keep a clean Turkish towel at hand. Wipe brush on it every ten strokes.

Of course, to have that gleam in your hair always, you must have regular shampoos, too. Shampoo your hair every week or ten days, rinsing it thoroughly.

Keep these points in mind and, if you're healthy, you can't help but have pretty hair!

THE END

Tired of a one-way hairdo? Try a style you can change

gifts with a GLEAM

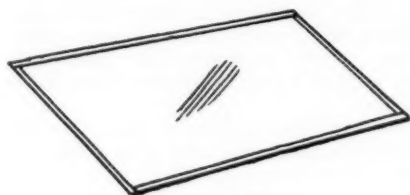


FIG. 1

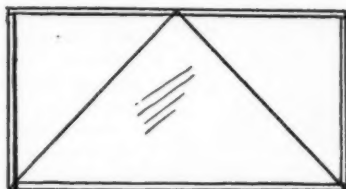


FIG. 2



FIG. 3



by BERENICE HESS

It's easy and it's fun to work with metal foil

WHAT'S THE state of your treasury? Flat as the proverbial pancake, with all those books and pencils to buy—to say nothing of double malteds, so essential to reviving spirits after a hard bout with learning? If you're wondering what to do about those gifts you ought to buy, or the extra-special touch needed to lift your fall wardrobe out of the doldrums, copper foil could be the answer.

With this thin sheet copper you can make buttons, earrings, pins, attractive boxes for jewelry or stationery, bookmarks, and a host of other things. What is more, the copper is inexpensive, and you can work it with the ordinary tools you may already have around the house.

To set yourself up in business, you need about one square foot of 36-gauge sheet copper. It costs about thirty cents, and can be purchased at any handicraft supply store and some art supply stores; or you can try the local tinsmith and sheet-metal man.

If you can't get copper foil, you can use aluminum or brass foil instead. The brass is the same price as the copper, and the aluminum is only twenty cents a square foot.

At the dime store, buy several orangewood manicure sticks, some colorless nail lacquer, and a small can of plastic wood. Then gather up at home a ruler, an old (but laundered) dish towel, and an *old* pair of scissors. Don't make any mistake on this last item. What would happen if you were discovered cutting *metal* with anybody's good scissors doesn't bear thinking about!

If you are going to make earrings, you can get the backings at the handicraft supply store, or you can salvage the backings from some old ones. A few safety pins of assorted sizes will serve as the fastenings on any pin or brooches you plan to make.

Now, for a start! It might be a good idea to begin with something easy, such as a bookmark. You must know someone who would like one.

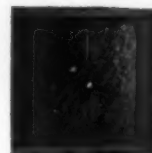
Cut a piece of copper $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{4}$ ". Lay it on the dish towel, which has been folded to six or eight thicknesses. Using the edge of the ruler as a guide and the sharpest end of an orange stick as a lever, bend the copper up and over, making a fine "hem" about $\frac{1}{8}$ " all around the edge. (Fig. 1). Press the hem as flat as you can. The hemmed side is the reverse side of your bookmark.

With reverse side up, find the exact center of one long edge of the copper, using a ruler. Mark the place; then lay the ruler from this point to each corner of the other long edge and draw a light line—really an indentation in the copper—with the orange stick (Fig. 2).

The center triangle made by the lines you have drawn is going to be the important part of your bookmark, and it will be more interesting if it has some kind of decoration on it. So, outline a triangle of the same size on a sheet of paper, and plan your design. Maybe a monogram will suit your fancy, or a conventional flower, or a geometric pattern. You are going to make the design show on the copper by pressing parts of the metal up into bas-relief. Think of your design that way, and decide which parts are to be pressed down for background and which parts you want to stand out.

When you are satisfied with your sketch, place the paper triangle over the right side of the matching copper triangle—still on the dish towel, remember—and redraw all the lines with a sharp (Continued on page 37)

buttons



pins



Drawings by Paul Dannheiser



ARE YOU convinced that standing on your head in the shower will change your fortune, or that spilled salt foretells a quarrel with your best friend? Do you have a lucky blue dress—and are you careful to get out of the right side of your bed every morning?

Most of us do observe a few such rites, nonsense though we know them to be. Everybody wants to be happy, to avoid hard luck, to have a hand in shaping the future. Polls prove that countless businessmen, housewives, teen-agers, college students, and even learned professors take precautions against the ancient "evil eye"—even while they insist they're not *really* superstitious.

We've heard of one prominent Hollywood personality who won't appear on the set without her lucky silver dollar, and of a well-known track star who refuses to run a race in a new pair of pants. And when you think that Big Leaguers have their "lucky" bats, and that grand hotels omit a thirteenth floor, you may feel that you are in respectable company with your own pet superstitions.

Astonishing, isn't it, that here in the second half of the twentieth century, superstition still should be as hard to root out as crab grass in the lawn? Chemists and physicists give us scientific explanations of almost everything that happens. Yet we go right on clinging to the voodooes of earlier civilizations. Our superstitious rites are passed down to us by parents and grandparents; we learn them from older brothers and sisters, from friends, teachers, aunts, nurses, and cooks. We're constantly on the watch for new charms in books we read and movies we see, and we get them by putting two and two together in our own experience, too.

Take that lucky blue dress, for instance. After you'd been the belle of the ball in it, not once but twice, didn't you just naturally decide that it *must* be your lucky dress and that blue must be your lucky color? After that, of course, it was easy. Just the feeling of that blue dress slipping over your head and settling on your shoulders filled you with a confidence which put a sparkle in your eye, and somehow made you say the right things at the right time. Nothing could stop you from being a center of attraction, could it?

TO TRACK THIS superstition business down to its earliest lairs, we must travel back to Stone Age days and meet primitive man. Because he hadn't figured out the scientific reasons for things, he believed that all the forces of nature were designed either to do him harm or to do him good. He thought that evil spirits controlled thunder and lightning, falling trees and rolling rocks, eclipses, the sea and the wind. And in the dim depths of his imagination he sought means of protection for his body and soul. So he wore the hair of a lion, or a marked pebble, or a tiger's claw around his neck, and considered himself nicely protected from harm. Recognize the rabbit's foot little brother always carries to football games?

Most of the superstitions we observe today had their beginnings in just such fear and ignorance. Let's be realistic and analyze a few more.

Why, for example, is it considered unlucky to break a looking glass? When ancient man looked into pools and puddles, he thought the reflection he saw was his living soul, getting a little fresh air and exercise by playing over the surface of the water. To mar this image in any way would, he thought, injure his spirit and bring him ill fortune, and he soon made the rule that a reflecting surface must never be broken. That's exactly why it's still a very rugged individual indeed who suffers no bad-luck qualms when (Continued on page 32)

by RUTH BAKER BOWMAN

Drawing by Jerry Cummins

**Have some pet superstitions?
Do you know how they came to be?**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORMOND GIGLI
ALL LUGGAGE BY OSHKOSH

ACCESSORIZED WITH BOOTS BY WESTPORT; KNITTED
BERET BY MADCAPS; GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT

*Prize
Purchase*

Fashion news forecasts the return of the Chesterfield—our October “Prize Purchase.” Here’s an all-wool fleece coat that’s designed by Highlander for the casual, carefree look you love. It has a rich velveteen collar, stitched-yoke detail, and removable belt in back. Wear it for smartness and serviceability. It comes in subteen sizes 10-14, for a value price just under \$30. You’ll find it at the stores listed on page 48

It pays to minimize



Left: Chubbette uses checked taffeta with a dobby weave, an interesting small pattern, in this dress with velvet collar, cuffs, and button trim. Modified shirred skirt. Chubby teen sizes 10½-16½, about \$11 at Hudson's, Detroit. For other stores, see page 48

Right: Corduroy in a shawl-collared dress by Chubbette. The welt stitching on the collar is repeated on the flap pockets and short sleeves. About \$13, in chubby teen sizes 10½-16½ at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Sage Allen, Hartford; Lane Bryant, New York City and Chicago

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORMOND GIGLI
DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW



Above: Sized for regular teens, the rounded shoulders and vertical back seams of this flared coat conceal figure flaws for chubbies as well. Made of 100% wool fleece in 10-16, by Worcester Classics, about \$30, at Frederick Nelson, Seattle; Hudson's, Detroit; Maison Blanche, New Orleans



Above: Taffeta dress with touches of white by Chubby Originals. It has a double, pointed collar, modified flared skirt, and two cuffed pockets. It comes in sizes 10½-14½ for subteen chubbies, about \$9, at the Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Joseph Horne's, Pittsburgh



Below: An elasticized back is the "fit" feature in Dubrowsky & Joseph's broadcloth coat with flat, double-breasted front. Collar and pockets are edged with rows of stitching. In chubby teen sizes 10½-16½, about \$40 at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia



Right: Solid-colored, V-shaped bib slims the line of Chubbette's plaid taffeta dress. The skirt, moderately flared. Sizes 10½-14½ for subteen chubbies cost just about \$9, at Lane Bryant, New York City

Note to not-so-slender teen-agers—these fashions are especially for you. Generously cut, sized to fit and flatter your figure, they're easy on the budget, too.

Not only do they minimize your figure faults; they also cut down on expensive alteration costs. Try a chubby size, once, and you'll agree that "It pays to minimize!"



Fitted fleece by Young City Originals—the shirt collar has a rounded tab underneath. The full skirt has a deep pleat in back. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$40 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Macy's, Kansas City; and Rike Kumler, Dayton



Barbara uses a new checked tweed for this 100% wool coat with double-buttoned front. Velvet accents the club collar and pocket flaps. Subteen sizes 10-14, it's about \$35, at Jane Engel's, New York City; Martin's, Brooklyn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ORMOND GIBLL

ACCESSORIZED WITH:
HATS BY MADCAPS
GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT
BAGS BY YOUTH MODE
SHOES BY BROWN
LUGGAGE BY OSHKOSH

Fitted to the elements

Wear a slim, sleek look this season. Button up for winter weather in a fitted coat that hugs the body and keeps you warm on the windiest day

Modified tailspin back lends swing to the skirt of Lovely Girl's wool covert coat. It has a round collar and half-moon pockets. About \$25 in subteen sizes 10-14. You'll find it at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; and Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia





CHEESE DISHES

Almost everyone loves cheese. You're sure to make a hit with family or friends with these dishes

AGAIN YOU have sent us a fine collection of recipes. It was difficult to choose the ones for publication, because so many good ones were submitted.

If you want to "cheese it," you'll find here some recipes with a difference—dishes zestful in flavor, varied in texture, appropriate for almost every occasion.

Cheese, a food favorite the world around, turns up happily in appetizers and soups, light and hearty main dishes, salads, desserts, breads and crackers. It combines harmoniously with meat, fish, milk, eggs, vegetables, and fruits. Because it's so popular and because it is an inexpensive source of important food elements (proteins, fats, minerals, and vitamins), a collection of good cheese dishes is a must in any cook's repertoire. Try these and you'll surely add them to your own.

The Recipe Exchange for January is now open. The subject is Breakfast Main Dishes. Try your favorite once more, and then send it in to us before October 20. See page 48 for details.

PIZZA PIE

All over the country, the pizza pie is becoming almost as popular for snacks as the hot dog. Here's how you can make it at home for the family or the gang. If you wish, you can omit the anchovy paste, or substitute ground beef, mushrooms, or sausage. For a different flavor, try an Italian cheese instead of Cheddar.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 2 cups hot-roll mix | ¼ teaspoon chili powder |
| Olive oil | ½ pound processed Cheddar cheese, thinly sliced |
| 1 #2½ can tomatoes, drained | Anchovy paste |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | |

Prepare hot-roll mix according to di-

Conducted by **JUDITH MILLER**

Drawing by Kelly Orchall

rections on package. Let rise to double in bulk. Pat and pull dough into a very thin round approximately 11 inches in diameter, with a rim ½ inch thick. Fit into large piepan, and brush with olive oil. Cut up drained tomatoes, spread evenly over dough, and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chili powder. Cover entire surface with slices of cheese. With a pastry decorating tube, run crosswise lines of anchovy paste over cheese. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until dough is cooked and nicely browned. The cheese should be well melted. Cut in narrow wedges and serve immediately. Serves 2, 4, or 6, depending upon how hungry you are.

Sent by

MARY SUE HOFFMAN, Minot, N. D.

GOLDEN CHEESE AND RICE

If you like casserole dishes, this is sure to appeal to you. The carrots make it different and delicious.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| ½ cup rice | 2 eggs, beaten |
| 3 cups scraped, shredded, raw carrots | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| ½ pound grated American cheese | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| | 2 tablespoons minced onion |
| | ½ cup milk |

Cook rice in boiling salted water until soft, adding carrots during the last 5 minutes of cooking. Drain. Combine with remaining ingredients, reserving ½ cup of cheese. Place in a greased 1½ quart casserole, and sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 50 minutes. Serves 6.

Sent by

BETTY IRENE ELY, Kennewick, Wash.

CHEESE OATMEAL MUFFINS

These nutritious muffins will make the simplest meal quite special.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1½ cups milk | 1 cup shredded American cheese |
| 2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats | 1 cup flour |
| 1 egg, beaten | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| ¼ cup melted butter or margarine | 3 teaspoons baking powder |
| | 1 teaspoon salt |

Pour the milk over oatmeal and let stand 15 minutes. Add the egg, butter or margarine, and cheese. Add the sifted dry ingredients and stir only enough to blend. Fill greased muffin tins ¾ full and bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 8 large muffins.

Sent by

MARY E. RAINES, Kennett, Missouri

SPAGHETTI AND CABBAGE WITH CHEESE

The flavor of the cabbage is subtly enhanced by the cheese sauce. An inexpensive luncheon or supper dish.

- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| ¾ cup spaghetti, broken in one-inch pieces | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 cup milk |
| 1½ tablespoons flour | ¼ pound cheese, grated |
| | 2 cups shredded cabbage |
| | ½ cup buttered or margined crumbs |

Cook the spaghetti in lightly salted, boiling water until tender. Drain. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, and milk. Add ½ teaspoon salt. When thickened, remove from heat and add cheese, stirring until cheese is melted. Place alternate layers of spaghetti and cabbage in a greased baking dish. Pour sauce over the top and sprinkle with the crumbs. Bake 40 minutes at 350° F., removing cover for last 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Sent by

JOAN C. HEINS, Whitestone, New York
(Continued on page 29)

Pattern 6109—35¢
All other patterns—25¢

Smart



6109: The four-gore skirt of this two-piece dress has large patch pockets which, for a smart touch, open at the sides instead of at the top. It is for sizes 10-16, and can be made in flannel, jersey, wool, or a year-round cotton. The skirt, in size 12, takes $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39" material, the blouse $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards, and the contrasting bib $\frac{1}{2}$ yard

4616: A jumper-blouse combination for sizes 10-16. The buttoned bodice is cleverly designed to give a snug fit and wide shoulders, and the pocket flaps are figure flattering. Very nice for school in a Shamokin wool plaid with a light-colored blouse. The jumper, in size 12, needs 4 yards 39" fabric, the blouse $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35"

4717: The dress-plus-jacket style is a teen-age favorite. This dress for sizes 10-14 has an inverted pleat to give a gay swing to the skirt. Pictured here in Miron checked worsted, the dress and jacket are just as effective in contrasting colors. Get $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54" material for the dress, in size 10, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards for the jacket



4717

Answers



6112

9216

4724

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 48.

6112: With pointed pockets and long, ball-trimmed tie ends inspired by a jester's costume, this frock for sizes 11-17 is smartly designed to go many places, depending on the material used. Jersey would be a fine choice; also a Dan River cotton, or wool, or a rustly taffeta for dressy dates. Size 13 calls for $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39" fabric

9216: Slim panels fitting smoothly into the waistband of this dainty apron give a flattering fit. Practical in chambray or gingham, it's party-glamorous in sheer material, trimmed with crisp ruffles. The sizes are small, medium, and large, and the small size takes only 2 yards 35" material. Plan to make several for Christmas gifts.

4724: This pretty party dress is easy to make, for the skirt has just one pattern piece. With the wide neck and fitted bodice, it will be a standout at winter's gala affairs in taffeta, velveteen, or rayon; or, for south-of-the-border climates, use organdy or an eyelet cotton. For sizes 11-17; 13 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39" fabric

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talk

by JONNI BURKE

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A Date With Ricky

(Continued from page 9)

them, one after another. They were all engaged for Friday.

As a last resort, she tried to persuade her mother to take her place. Mrs. Preston was sympathetic, but Dad was going to be out of town that night, and there would be no one to stay with ten-year-old Johnny. Nancy thought scornfully that he could stay alone for a couple of hours, for goodness' sake! But her mother was unreasonably firm about that. He couldn't stay alone, and obviously she couldn't get a sitter for him.

Nancy went gloomily to her room to think it out. Mrs. Cullen would just have to stay home, that was all. She couldn't, simply could not, tell Ricky a third time that she couldn't go out with him. If she did she knew for sure he would never ask her again.

But five other couples were counting on the Cullens to make three tables of bridge. And Mrs. Cullen hadn't been out of the house for two weeks, and she was counting on it, too. Nancy filed her nails, thinking furiously. There must be some way out. Maybe one of the Cullen children would get sick. Only they never did.

She saw herself in her new date dress, sitting beside Ricky at a movie she was dying to see, and having sodas afterward. More important, she was hoping it would be only the first of many dates. But if she couldn't keep that first date? She couldn't possibly explain to Rick about baby sitting and having the date with Mrs. Cullen first. Boys just didn't understand those things.

But no matter how she painted the picture, there was always the shadow of Mrs. Cullen's disappointment. Nancy had never let any one down before. Finally, she had to face it. She couldn't let Mrs. Cullen down now.

Sulky with disappointment, she picked up the telephone and told Mrs. Cullen she would be there. Mrs. Cullen's bright relief at the other end of the wire was an aggravation. Nancy slammed down the receiver. Now she had done it. All she had left to do was to tell Ricky.

There was no chance to talk to him on Wednesday. Brown and grinning, he came into the history class late and rushed out before she had picked up her books. Better to wait until afternoon anyway. Just possibly one of the Cullen children might come down with scarlet fever or something drastic.

There was no call waiting for her when she got home. No one called Wednesday night. By nine o'clock she knew hope was gone. She couldn't put it off any longer. With a tight jaw and trembling hands she picked up the telephone.

"Ricky," she said in a small voice that she kept firm by sheer will power, "This is Nancy Preston. I'm terribly sorry, but I can't go out with you on Friday after all. What? Oh! No, I'd told Mrs. Cullen last week that I'd sit with her children that night, and I've been trying and trying, and I can't get anyone else, and she's counting on me—What? No, I couldn't. Yes, I thought of that, but I just can't walk out on her. So that's how it is—"

She hung up and stared at the instrument bleakly. He didn't understand at all. He hadn't even mentioned another night. This was the third time, and she had a superstition she couldn't shake off that three times was out. She tried to be angry. So,

Ricky Holden! That's what you think of me, is it? I don't care if I never go out with you!—It sounded good, but it was hard to make it stick.

Thursday didn't help much. He grinned at her in class, but Nancy felt miserably that it was the same kind of grin he had given her from time to time all year, meaning she was back where she had started. She might just as well put him out of her mind—but she couldn't.

At six o'clock Friday night, Nancy climbed sullenly up the steps of the Cullens' neat brick house. This was the course she had chosen, but she didn't have to like it! She punched the bell grudgingly, greeted Mrs. Cullen without a smile, and stalked into the house.

"I'm all ready to leave," Mrs. Cullen was fluttering around with her apron over her party dress. "Here is the telephone number where we'll be. The children have eaten, so they can go right up to bed. You will all be good for Nancy, won't you, darlings?"

The darlings stood around, looking unco-operative. Nancy regarded them sternly, to indicate that tonight there was to be no funny stuff. She wasn't in the mood.

"Now the bowl of salad I'm taking," Mrs. Cullen rushed into the kitchen, struggled with paper and string, finally pushed the loosely covered salad bowl into her husband's arms, and took off her apron. "And—oh, yes, my bag. It was here just a minute ago—" She began to rummage through drawers. Silently Nancy picked it up from the couch and handed it over.

"Well, I guess we're finally off. I can't tell you how I appreciate your coming tonight, Nancy. Oh, all right, honey, I'll kiss you good night again."

She kissed all her children again, straightened her hat, and finally tripped down the steps. Nancy looked at the clock. It had taken Mrs. Cullen fifteen minutes to get away, and two-year-old Archie was already screaming for his mommy.

SOMETIMES she was quite fond of the Cullen children. They were aged two, four, six, and eight, and all their names began with A. Sometimes they were angels, but sometimes they could be perfect little brats. Nancy knew, unhappily, that this was going to be one of Those Nights.

It was. Adam incited them to race up the uncarpeted stairs, and four-year-old Alice cracked her shin and howled for fifteen minutes. Archie couldn't be pried loose from his blocks to get ready for bed. Adam, instead of undressing, as requested, buried himself in a comic book and wouldn't move.

It was seven thirty when she finally got Archie into bed and began on Alice, who was now playing with her paper dolls and declined to leave them. By the time Alice had been undressed and dragged into the bathroom and finally tucked into bed Nancy was exhausted. Two down, two to go. Why had she ever become involved in this mess anyhow? She set her teeth and turned to Annie, jerking off shoes and stripping off her polo shirt with grim efficiency.

Annie was abused and sulky. "But I wanted a story," she whimpered. Her face began to pucker, and the ready tears came into her eyes.

"I said I'd read to you if you got ready for bed, and look at you," Nancy scolded.

The telephone rang just as she was buttoning Annie's sleeper. Let it ring! As if she didn't have enough on her mind, without taking messages for the Cullens.

"There's the telephone," sniffled Annie.

"I hear it," Nancy snapped.

"Aren't you going to answer it?"

Well, maybe she'd better. She rose from her knees beside Annie and went wearily across the hall.

"Hello?" she said shortly, "Oh! Hello!"

It was Ricky Holden! She listened unbelievably, frantically waving Annie away.

"I just wanted to know about tomorrow night," Ricky was saying. "Reason I couldn't say anything about it sooner, the folks were going out and told me I'd have to sit with the kid sister. But they aren't going after all, and I can get away. Can you make it?"

Could she? Could she!

"Oh, Ricky! That would be wonderful! I was feeling so sorry for myself—and I thought you'd think—maybe—"

He laughed. "Not a bit of it. I like a girl with a sense of responsibility, and I know all about baby sitting. See you tomorrow."

She turned from the instrument with shining eyes and smiled at Annie for the first time that night. She certainly looked cute in her footed sleeper. Nancy leaned down and hugged her.

"Okay, honey," she said gaily, "what's the story?"

Annie looked up sparkling. "Mary Poppins!" she cried, bounding into bed.

"Was that your boy friend?" asked Adam, with a shy, eight-year-old smile.

Nancy threw back her head and laughed. He was a darling little boy!

"Yes," she said, smiling back at him, "that was my boy friend!"

THE END

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 23)

BAKED EGGPLANT AND CHEESE

Kay reminds us that this is an excellent meat substitute, as indeed most cheese dishes are. This is her mother's favorite recipe. The sweet, nutty flavor of the eggplant combined with the tanginess of the cheese is unusual and exciting.

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 eggplant, peeled and diced | 6 soda crackers, crumbled |
| 1 medium onion, diced | 1½ red pimientos, chopped fine |
| ½ cup diced celery | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ½ pound American cheese, diced |
| Dash of pepper | |

Combine eggplant, onion, celery, and salt and cook in boiling water for 20 minutes. Drain, reserving ½ cup liquid. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into greased 2 quart casserole dish and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Serves 4.

Sent by
KAY CLARK, Santa Fe, New Mexico

CHEESE CAKE

This makes a large, luscious cake which will serve 12 or more. The recipe comes from Germany. It's hearty, so serve a light meal with it.

Crust:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ¾ pound crushed graham crackers | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon flour | ½ cup melted butter or margarine |
| 1 cup sugar | |

Combine all ingredients, mixing thor-

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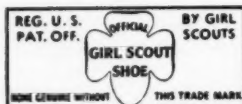
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oughly. Press into greased spring-form pan, reserving one cup of mixture for topping.

Filling:

2 pounds dry cottage cheese	3 tablespoons flour
½ cup milk	1¼ cups sugar
4 egg yolks, well-beaten	½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon lemon juice
	4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream the cheese, milk, and egg yolks together thoroughly. Sift dry ingredients together, and add. Stir in vanilla and lemon juice. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour the mixture into the crust, cover with remaining cup of crumbs, and bake 1¼ hours in a moderately slow oven (325° F.). Open oven door slightly for about 10 minutes before removing cake. Do not remove from pan until cake is thoroughly cooled.

Sent by

JOAN ROSS, Glendale, California

FRIED RICE 'N' CHEESE PUFFS

Tomato or mushroom sauce, chicken or beef gravy, could be served over these crispy puffs instead of the vegetable sauce. Serve them with a meat dish in place of potato, or as the feature of a simple supper. They are quick and easy to prepare.

2 cups cooked rice	¼ pound Cheddar cheese, cut in ½-inch cubes
1 egg, slightly beaten	1 cup fine bread crumbs
2 tablespoons flour	
½ teaspoon salt	
¼ teaspoon pepper	
Fat for deep frying	

Combine cooled cooked rice, egg, flour, salt, and pepper. Chill. Shape into 8 balls, with a cube of cheese in the center of each. Roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in deep fat 2 to 4 minutes, or until puffs are crispy brown. Serves 4.

Serve with:

Vegetable Sauce:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine	2 tablespoons grated carrots
2 tablespoons minced green pepper	1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon minced onion	1 cup milk
	½ teaspoon salt
	½ teaspoon pepper
	1 teaspoon vinegar

Melt fat in frying pan, and simmer pepper, onion, and carrots until tender. Stir in flour. Add milk slowly, and stir until slightly thickened. Add seasonings and vinegar.

Sent by

MARGARET CUNNINGHAM, South Gate, California

CHEESE BALLS WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Says Marcia, "We like many cheese dishes, but here is our favorite." The cheese balls may be made ahead of time and browned just before you are ready to serve them.

1 3-oz. package cream cheese	1 cup fine bread crumbs
½ pound grated American cheese	4 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce	1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
½ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon paprika	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 cup soft bread crumbs	
2 eggs	

Cream together cream cheese, American cheese, worcestershire sauce, salt, paprika, and soft bread crumbs. Add 1 whole egg and one yolk and mix thoroughly. Shape into 10 balls. Beat remaining egg white until

stiff. Roll the balls in dry bread crumbs, in egg white, and again in crumbs. In a skillet, brown balls on all sides in melted butter or margarine. Combine tomato sauce, lemon juice, and parsley. Heat and serve over cheese balls. Serves 4 to 5.

Sent by

MARCIA MILLER, Claremont, California
THE END

NOTE: Please turn to page
48 for next month's Recipe
Exchange announcement.

Katrin and the Seventh Cane

(Continued from page 15)

from school. Her mother, Katrin knew, had lived for the stories of her daughter's life at school in this town where they were both strangers.

"You've been good medicine for your mother," Dr. Tageler had complimented Katrin several weeks ago, as he helped her roll the wheel chair out to the porch. "I've got good news for you today, Mrs. Neilsen. You can have company again now. Any time. Just so you take it easy and stay in this chair a few months longer."

"I don't know anyone," her mother had begun doubtfully. Then her eyes had danced. "But Katrin—you must bring home the Kandy Kids now! We'll have a luncheon next Saturday!"

SHE HAD managed to postpone the luncheon twice for various trumped-up excuses, until her mother began to look disappointed and hurt. This morning she had thought she could go up to the table in the Soda Shop and explain to the girls how it was—so they would come, just this once, for her mother's sake. But somehow, she hadn't been able to do it. She couldn't bear to have them know about her silly act!

All at once, she knew what she could do. It would still be unbearably humiliating to meet the Kandy Kids at school afterward, but at least she could write an explanation to them. She went over to her desk and pulled her box of stationery toward her. With her lower lip caught between her clenched teeth, she began to write:

"Dear Beth Ellen:

I know this will seem odd to you, but—"

On her way to school the next morning she mailed the party invitations—and six other envelopes, too.

THAT AFTERNOON she didn't bother to put on the act for her mother. She was her own quiet self as she came out on the porch, the same quiet girl who stiffened with self-consciousness at school when anyone spoke to her.

"How was school today, Katrin?" her mother asked.

"All right." She couldn't, for the life of her, put any animation into her voice. By now the Kandy Kids had the letters—were probably shrieking over them at the big table in the soda fountain.

"That utter drip!" Melba was probably saying. "Letting her mother think all year she belonged to our club. Isn't that rich?"

She toyed with the idea of staying away from school the next day, but in the end



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1. Buy 1 lb. veal and have butcher cut it into 1-inch cubes. Using 2 tbs. Nucoa margarine, brown meat in a frying pan.



2. Put in casserole. Add small can mushroom stems, drained, 2 cubes chicken bouillon, 1 can condensed vegetable soup.



3. Season with $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, and a few dashes of pepper. Mix all ingredients thoroughly with a spoon.



4. Blend $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Real Mayonnaise and 1 lbs. flour in a mixing bowl. Gradually stir in 1 c. milk. Add to casserole, and mix again.



5. Cover, bake in 350° oven 30-40 minutes. Serve with salad, baked potatoes or heated rolls, and a beverage. (Serves 6.)



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she went. After all, she told herself scathingly, you might as well face the music. You got yourself into this, you know.

But as she drew nearer and nearer the high school, her feet dragged more with each step. She could never face the day!

"Katrin! Katrin Neilsen!" Quick, running feet were pounding down the sidewalk behind her. She recognized Melba Arkwright's voice, and for a minute she had an insane desire to run—to get away from Melba's polite, incredulous eyes—her questions.

Slowly she turned around.

"Oh, Katrin!" Melba said, putting her hand out toward Katrin's arm and then drawing it back.

Katrin couldn't quite meet the other girl's eyes. "If it's about the invitation," she said woodenly, feeling the hot, hurting red in her cheeks, "you don't have to come. I explained in my letter how it—"

"Listen, Katrin!" Melba cut in, and her voice had a laughing, breathless sound. "I want to tell you something funny. You've been wanting to be a Kandy Kid all this time, haven't you?"

Katrin's cheeks burned still hotter; her voice was defiant. "Well, what if I have?"

Melba's words came tumbling out. "We've wanted you to be a Kandy Kid—or rather we talked about it when you came to school last fall—but you were so—so snooty! Honestly, Katrin, if anyone even spoke to you, you just dripped icicles! We all decided you were high hat!"

Katrin's eyes lifted, slowly and unbelievably to Melba's face. "M—me?" she stammered. "H—high hat?"

"Sure. You were always so distant, and you carried your head so high and always wore those lovely hand-embroidered clothes—well, we just decided you thought you were too good for the whole high school!"

Katrin looked beyond Melba toward the Soda Shop and saw five feminine faces pressed curiously against the glass. All at once she giggled, and her arm went up in a big, friendly, flourishing wave.

After she was seated in the circle of girls at the big table and the first friendly hubbub had subsided, she felt that she could wait no longer to share her happiness with her mother.

"Anybody got a nickel?" she asked.

"Sure," Melba said, flipping the coin across the table. "But what do you want with a nickel now?"

"I want to call my mother," Katrin explained happily, "and tell her you can all come to the party."

THE END

Hex Marks the Spot

(Continued from page 18)

she breaks even the tiniest pocket mirror!

Next to a rabbit's foot, the horseshoe is perhaps the most familiar of all good-luck symbols. "May the horseshoe never be torn from your doorway" was a common, friendly greeting in old England; and in our own countryside today, a horseshoe is nailed (points up, so the good luck won't spill out) over many a barn and farmhouse door. But why all the superstitious fuss? First, because horseshoes are metal, formerly considered the dwelling place of strong and friendly spirits. Second, because the horseshoe's crescent shape is the symbol of the ancient moon goddess, a peculiarly powerful pro-

tection against witchcraft. Next time you stop to pat the junkman's horse, see if there aren't some crescent-shaped pieces of metal on his harness trappings. They're to protect the animal and its driver; camels in the old Near Eastern caravans wore them, too.

Do you believe stumbling upstairs foretells good luck? Most likely that's just because it *was* good luck that you didn't stumble down the stairs instead! Did your great-grandmother firmly believe that her bed should be placed parallel to the floor boards? That comes from an old medical belief that a healthy magnetic force passed through sleeping bodies, traveling in the direction in which the bedroom floor was laid. As for black cats, they've always been considered the companions of witches, helpful in all their magic practices. Do you think this idea might have developed from pussy's independent, secretive air?

LOTS OF PEOPLE feel it's bad luck to kill spiders—that their presence brings peace and prosperity to a house. But most of us don't realize that this superstition goes right back to a certain winter night in Bethlehem when, it's said, a spider spun his web over the spot where a new Baby lay, screening this Child from dangers that might be about.

Know why it's thought to be good luck if you accidentally put on a piece of clothing inside out? William of Normandy is the man who's responsible for this idea. It seems that when he was arming himself for the battle of Hastings, he put on his shirt of mail inside out. Bystanders were horrified. They claimed it was an ill omen for the day, and begged him to reverse his shirt. But William, who was in somewhat of a hurry, just assured them that the augury was a happy one, and meant he would be changed that day from a duke to a king. William was right! And we are reminded of his good fortune in this well-known verse:

"Garments put on wrongside out
Bring good luck without a doubt!"

Just as many superstitious connotations have grown up around certain numbers—like 13, perhaps from the number at the Last Supper—so certain magical charms have been ascribed to colors. Take red. Ever wonder why flannel underwear in that shade was once considered so desirable? It's because in ancient days red was regarded as the color of victory and triumph, obnoxious to evil spirits. In the fourteenth century, red bedclothes were even recommended to help cure smallpox. As for blue—the blue of fair skies—that was the color of lovers, the Near Eastern symbol of faithfulness. This accounts, perhaps, for the modern bride who must wear "something blue," and for the modern English valentine which reads:

"If you love me, love me true,
Send me a ribbon, and let it be blue."

In many households, a sneeze is the occasion for blessing the sneezer. The story behind this custom is another old one—dating back to the ancient Greek legend of Prometheus, in fact. The legend is that Prometheus stole celestial fire to bring life to a clay figure he'd made, and that "as the fire permeated the frame, the figure sneezed, which caused Prometheus to invoke a blessing on it." Aristotle wrote that in his day a sneeze was thought to be the sign of a happy visitation from one of the gods. Which is why, possibly, we have our cheerful saying, "Three sneezes before breakfast means a gift before supper!"

If there's a peacock feather in your nature

collection, throw it away—if you're superstitious! Handsome though it be, it's still an object of poor reputation, just because the peacock was sacred to Juno, and to rob the bird of a single feather was said to offend that goddess. Then, too, the resemblance of the feather's tip to the human eye was thought to attract evil influences—to be the very image of the evil eye, in fact.

To track down the popular superstition connected with spilled salt, we must return again to the ancient Greeks. They believed that salt was the symbol of life itself, and mixed it freely in their sacrificial cakes and puddings. Later, perhaps because salt was the first thing set on the dining table and the last removed, it came to be the symbol of friendship. Spilling it, especially toward someone, was said to destroy the mystic union that exists between friends. To counteract this fearsome effect, some latter-day genius thought of throwing a pinch over the left shoulder.

When you make a boastful statement, are you careful to knock on wood, reminding yourself to be oh, so humble in your good fortune? This superstition dates back to the days of the Druids who worshiped in the darksome groves of Ireland, England, and Gaul. They venerated certain trees, the oak especially, and believed that friendly deities made their homes inside. Laying their hands on one of the sacred trees would, they felt, summon up the spirit within and protect them from unseen harm!

All these are only a few samples, chosen from the tremendous lore of superstition. There are many more examples, some of which you can figure out for yourself with a little ingenuity. Bear in mind that some were begun simply to teach habits of economy and care, like "See a pin, pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck," and "It's bad luck to sweep the dust under the rug." Others, as we've already seen, developed from accident or coincidence. Thus, they say that it was a British merchant, with a record of two or three unfortunate weekend business deals, who started the rumor that it's bad luck to undertake anything on Friday. And as for walking under ladders—use your common sense and see how that might be just plain foolhardy, especially when there's an open can of paint on the top step.

OF COURSE there's something to be said on the side of superstitions. They do make a colorful pattern in the fabric of our crazy-quilt civilization. They're a quaint breath from the past—rather refreshing, some people feel, in this businesslike, scientific age. Have a few of them, if you must, but keep them in their proper place. Don't let them run your life and cramp your style. Remember, you need more than a rabbit's foot to get an "A" in a chemistry exam. And how about the afternoon the basketball team clicked so notably? Was it because the captain had his T shirt on inside out—or because the team really knew the signals and had had ten hours' sleep the night before?

Go right along and practice your pet charms, if they amuse you. Watch for signs and portents, if you find that fun. But don't count on the supernatural to pull you through the tight spots, for then the goblins can *really* get you, and when you leave a room your friends will shake their heads sorrowfully as they murmur, "Hex marks the spot."

THE END

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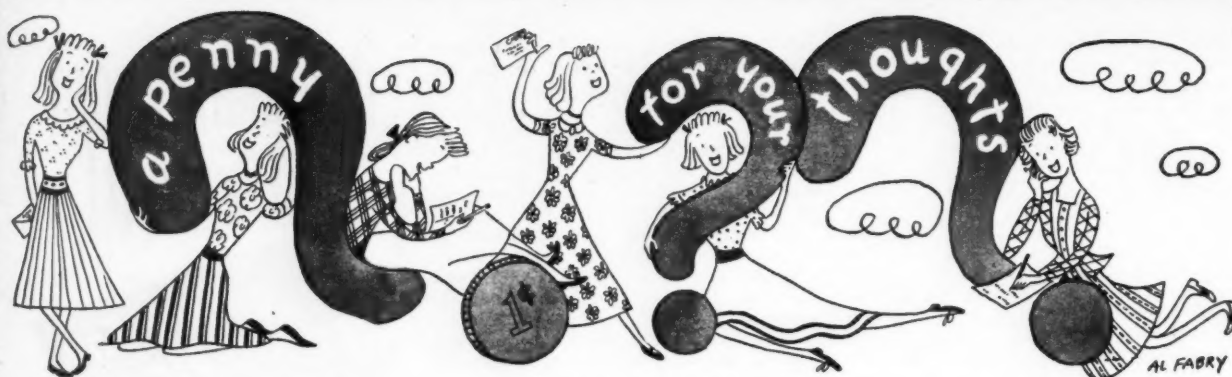
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STORDEN, MINNESOTA: I went to Girl Scout camp this year and had very much fun. The name of our camp is Camp Tukawah. It is located four miles from New Ulm, Minnesota, in Flandreau State Park on the Cottonwood River.

I think the April cover really showed a Typical American Girl.

The fashions in your magazine are super. Sometimes I wish those dresses would pop out of the magazine already made in my size.

KARÉN HUSS (age 12)

TUCUMCARI, NEW MEXICO: I wish you would have more articles like *Dude Ranch Girl*. It was a "Best Yet!" All your fashions are simply wonderful. I hope you have more short stories like *Gypsy Ghost*.

I agree with Carol Crain in your August issue. You don't have enough stories on nursing.

I think your covers are super.

BILLIE JANE LAWRENCE (age 13)

WHITESBORO, TEXAS: I enjoyed *Emergency Rations* very much and *Dude Ranch Girl* was just wonderful.

MARY GENE WOOD (age 12)

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA: Your patterns and prize purchases are tops! I enjoy the stories, too. I wish you would print more articles like *Emergency Rations*, new hair styles, beauty hints, etc. Sometimes they are a lot of help.

How about some tips on being a good secretary?

DORIS FREEDMAN (age 14)

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND: The story *Of Shoes and Ships* was super. Your "party plans" are a big help and they are tops with the gang. I wish you would print more puzzles like *Wits at Work* in the August issue.

MARY C. SHIELDS (age 14)

UPLAND, CALIFORNIA: I enjoyed *Dude Ranch Girl* very much, as I have a horse and like anything about ranches or horses. I wish you would have more horse stories.

SUSAN WHEATLEY (age 13)

LINCOLNDALE, NEW YORK: Congratulations on the superb serial, *Daystar*! I had hoped that it would end with Gail's securing a place to establish a new *Daystar*, but I was very pleased when her father returned the original building to her. *Of Shoes and Ships* captivated my interest from beginning to end.

I am a First Class Girl Scout of Troop 1, Somers, and hope to attain the Curved Bar rank in the near future. As I am extremely

interested in Girl Scouting, I always enjoy reading the articles concerning it.

BETTY FRANKLIN (age 14)

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: I think the August issue was tops! *Gypsy Ghost* sure had a surprising ending. I also enjoyed *Of Shoes and Ships*, but *Daystar* still rates highest with me, and I wish it hadn't reached its conclusion. How about some more stories like *Daystar*?

SHEILAH GERMANSON (age 13)

P. S. I taught myself to type from your article *Now Is the Time to Learn to Type* in the July 1948 issue.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA: Your *Prize Purchase* in the August issue was tops. There's only one thing I'd wish you would do. Have more cake recipes.

JOYCE COLLINS (age 12)

BLACKROCK, IRELAND: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a simply delightful magazine, catering to every taste. *In the Swim* was very helpful as I am interested in swimming. Your covers are quite good, but I did not think the July cover girl very American. As I am not keen on spiders *Miracles in Your Back Yard* did not attract me! Though I found it quite interesting.

Your hair styles are handy. My hair is very soft, and I have cut it like your styles. I borrow *THE AMERICAN GIRL* from a girl friend of mine and certainly I think it top-hole. I liked *Victory*, also *Hi Pardner*.

PAULINE KELLY (age 14)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I like your fashions, recipes, and jokes, too. Since my father is the salad maker in the family, I'll have to show him the salad recipes in *Your Own Recipe Exchange*. I can't wait for the new continued story next month. How about an article on horseback riding as that is my favorite sport.

JOAN FEINSTEIN (age 12)

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: *Daystar* was the most wonderful serial you have ever printed. I admire Gail Bennett, determined to choose her own friends, not letting religion or nationality keep them apart.

I also enjoy your other stories and articles very much.

The fashions in the August issue were very nice. I selected one of my school dresses from the *Present-Perfect Plaids*

MARY LOU PETERS (age 14)

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA: I am enjoying *Wits at Work*. You really have to have "wits!"

I am planning to enter your Typical American Girl contest, and I think the April cover was wonderful!

The one thing that I wish you had more about is drawing. I like to draw very much.

JEANNE STUART JAMES (age 12)

PENNS GROVE, NEW JERSEY: I thought *Daystar* was simply grand. I think many racial problems could be solved in the same way. *Gypsy Ghost* in the August issue was very exciting. *Emergency Rations* was very interesting.

As I like to bake and sew, I enjoy the patterns and recipes very much.

RUTH TILL (age 13)

PRINCETON, ILLINOIS: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is just grand!

Your *Good Looks* tips are really swell, and very helpful, but could you have an article especially for skin types, and their care?

Daystar was the best serial you've ever had, and it's the same situation as we have here in my town. Thank you for a wonderful magazine.

JOANNE DOYLE (age 13)

MT. PLEASANT, MICHIGAN: I enjoy cooking and just love your recipes. I am a Girl Scout and I like your articles about them very much.

KAY THEISEN (age 14)

GADSDEN, ALABAMA: Your August issue was terrific. *Of Shoes and Ships* was tops. I wish you had *Wits at Work* in every issue.

I sure do like your patterns.

BEVERLY BAKER (age 12)

HILLROSE, COLORADO: I think that *Daystar* was one of your best serials.

I sent a subscription of *The American Girl* to my pen pal in Canada. I know she will like it because she has been wanting a subscription. Another thing that makes your magazine so enjoyable is that it has educational articles, also.

DORIS BRUNKHARDT (age 15)

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA: I think *Daystar* tops all serials you've had so far. Your fashions are super. I wish you would have more horse stories.

PHYLLIS ROSENBLUM (age 12)

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I think your recipes are dandy and your fashions are super. I have two brothers, and although *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is more for girls they both enjoy it very much. I am a Girl Scout of Troop 132, and I like to read *All Over the Map*.

YVONNE NAJERA (age 13)

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: I came to America from Ushuaia, Argentina, last week to visit my aunt. She gave me a wonderful party at a beach. It was such fun, and every one loved to be able to put his share in fixing the dinner. We also had many wonderful games. I asked her where she got the idea, and she showed me the article *Take Your Party Outdoors*. I think you publish a wonderful book.

ESTERLITA RODIZEU

REEDSBURG, WISCONSIN and SPRING HILL, ALABAMA: We are writing you because we hope you might be interested in our summer experiences. Sonja, fourteen, of Alabama is a Mariner Scout and I, thirteen, of Wisconsin, am Intermediate.

When the replica of the Liberty Bell came here we were part of the Court of Honor, representing those Scout divisions.

We met at camp two years ago, and so it's a wish come true for Sonja to come up here this summer.

We've done a lot of things, including a hundred-mile canoe trip, this summer.

We both enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and wait anxiously each month for it to come.

GAIL FARWELL and SONJA FOGELBERG

COLLINSVILLE, CONNECTICUT: Your articles are simply wonderful. *All Over the Map* helps me a lot with my Scout badges.

REGINA SCHEIDEL (age 12)

CHANDLER, MINNESOTA: *Gypsy Ghost* in your August issue was interesting but should have been longer. I think *Daystar* is the best serial you have had yet. I'm not a Girl Scout but I enjoy reading *All Over the Map*.

RAMONA SPENCER (age 13)

LEWISTON, MAINE: I think *Adventure on Wheels* in the May issue sounds very exciting. My girl friend and I plan to join AYH, purchase touring bikes, and make lots of trips next summer. We will only be juniors in high school but hope to get our parents' permission. Please print more articles like this one. Thanks a lot for getting us started; we'll let you know what happens next year. Please print an article on how to earn our needed funds. *Daystar* is wonderful and I always enjoy your *Prize Purchase*.

CAROL ANN PHILLIPS (age 14)

MARTINSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA: I like all your stories and especially the *Recipe Exchange*. I think the idea of the painting contest is very nice, and I am going to try to enter it even though I'm not as good a writer as people older than me.

CONNIE LOU NICODEMUS (age 10)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I really like all your stories, but there was one in particular that I liked best. That one was *Victory*. I liked that one best because I had polio and was in bed five years, and I am just beginning to walk over again. My polio was in my leg too, but I have no scar. Your story made me feel that courage that I was wishing some one would give me. I also liked *Daystar*. Another story like that would be a hit with me and many of my friends.

YVONNE BENJAMIN (age 15)
THE END

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

STOP-LOOK-AND CHEER!



BIG NEWS for readers of the *American Girl Magazine*! It's coming at last—the feature that so many of you have been asking for. Starting in the January, 1951, issue, you are to have two pages of your own in the magazine, devoted to original contributions. Send in your entries for February before November 1, 1950.

Writers! Poets! Artists! Here is your chance to get into print and to win an award if your material is published. Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material which has never before been published will be considered.



SHORT STORIES

These will really be short short stories, for they are not to run over 800 words. You may write on any subject you choose, but your story should appeal to teen-agers.

POEMS

Poems, like stories, may be written on any subject you wish. They may be anywhere from two to twenty-five lines in length.

NONFICTION

There's plenty of leeway in this classification. Your piece may be description, a biographical sketch, an article, an essay, a human-interest story, an episode from real life—in fact, almost any type of nonfiction. To give you a good starting point, we will assign a broad general subject for nonfiction each month. The subject for February is "INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP."

Nonfiction pieces may be any

length you choose, up to 400 words. Remember that your subject should be of interest to girls your age.

DRAWINGS

Drawings are to be black and white, done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash, on stiff drawing paper or poster board. In size, they should not be smaller than five by seven inches. You may choose any subject you wish. Your drawing may be one appropriate for the month in which it will appear, or on the subject assigned for nonfiction; (that is, for February—"International Friendship") or it may be on any other subject. Be sure, in sending drawings to us, to wrap them carefully so that they will not be smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged. WARNING: No drawing will be considered for an award which arrives smudged or damaged because of poor wrapping.

RULES

1. Entries for the February, 1951, issue must be mailed on or before November 1, 1950. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender. Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted (for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Age of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of *The American Girl Magazine* and cannot be acknowledged or returned. The American Girl reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts as seems necessary.

AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash award will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

Contributors' Page Editor

The American Girl Magazine

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Ethel R. Brein EDITOR



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City..... Zone..... State.....

It's New!

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON



Zip for Zippers: There'll be no last-minute frenzy when a zipper balks or sticks, if you have at hand this nongreasy, oilless liquid intended for just such emergencies. A few drops of the lubricant, it is claimed, will end sticking, provide smooth zipper operation, and even prolong the life of your fasteners.

Let It Rain: Chances are you will welcome showers when you have one of these umbrellas with changeable covering. The Vinylite plastic covers, which come in a variety of colors and designs, fasten to the rib tips of the specially designed frame, and can be changed quickly. The cost of a complete umbrella with one extra covering is moderate, and additional covers may be purchased. A nice idea for a gift.



Book Savers: An inexpensive set of three covers of transparent phtofilm affords excellent protection for books and book jackets, and the covers of this particular set are so designed that they will give a perfect fit on books of varying sizes. They are a life-saver for any busy student.

Magic Curlers: If you find dampening your hair as you put it up a time-consuming and irritating part of the job, you may want to consider a curler—which has a sponge reservoir to hold the curling liquid. You dip the entire curler for ten seconds into a special solution which comes with each set of curlers, then roll the hair up in the usual way. The solution is distributed gradually and evenly through the curl, and the manufacturer claims that it gives a natural-looking wave in a matter of minutes.



Shower Ease: A deflector that snaps on to practically any showerbath head is a great convenience. With a touch of the finger it can be adjusted to direct the water to any height, so that the hair can be kept dry, and you can get just the water temperature you want without alternately scalding and freezing. The deflector comes in green, blue, amber, or clear plastic, and is decorative as well as practical.

For Shutter-Bugs: If you like to develop and print your own pictures, you'll be interested in a photographic developer which gives a color tone to a film as it is developed. When dissolved in water, the developing powder forms a clear solution in which the film is immersed, and the maker claims that with it a richly toned print is as easy to get as an ordinary black and white. The developer comes in red, yellow, blue, green, or sepia.



Roll-Eez: Playing tug-of-war with sticking wooden drawers of dressers, chests, or kitchen cabinets can be trying on arms and tempers. Now on the market are plastic roller bearings, easily installed with ordinary household tools, which will make those same drawers open and close easily, smoothly, quietly.

No-Twist Seams: Stocking seams that wander from the straight up-and-down are a problem in any girl's life, and here's a simple gadget that's said to be a big help in solving it. It is a small, lightweight piece of flesh-colored plastic which can be attached to the garters of any girdle, pantie girdle, or garter belt. It can be worn on front, side, or back garters, and because it equalizes tension on the stockings, it also should help reduce runs.



Hot Tray: This inexpensive helper will be as welcome at the campfire as in the kitchen. It is a small metal tray which snaps on to the edge of a frying pan, and on it you can keep bacon, eggs, and the like hot, while the grease drains back into the pan. Saves washing, and does away with messy absorbent paper.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New!" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Gifts With a Gleam

(Continued from page 17)

pencil. Don't press too hard. Now you are all set to emboss the design on the copper. Doesn't that sound professional?

Turn the copper over and begin to press with the orange stick on all the parts of the design which you want raised. Watch what you are doing, and learn how to produce different effects of round smoothness, line, or texture as you go along. If you want the background to be very deep or textured, turn the copper over to the right side and press down wherever you want indentations in the background. It helps to sharpen the final effect if you work around the edges of the design, from the right side, with the thin, sharp edge of an orange stick just for this purpose.

To complete the bookmark, bend the corners back along the sides of the center triangle, making a triangle of copper to slip over the corner of a page. (Fig. 3).

You must be seeing all the possibilities yourself, now that you have gotten this far. To make a handsome pin, with a raised monogram, a mask, a tree, an animal, a sailboat, or any simple design embossed on it, you use the same technique as for the bookmark, except that in "hemming" the square, rectangle, or triangle of copper which is to be the pin, you should not press the hem quite flat. In fact, you may find it much easier to work in the design and then bend the edges over. In order to give the pin a back, and keep the design from being flattened by some accident, fill the back with plastic wood, pressing the wood under the edges of the hem. Set your safety pin—or, in the case of earrings, your backings—into the plastic wood before it has set.

Square or oblong buttons are the same story, too. Cut the copper, press in the design, turn under the edges, fill with plastic wood. Then, after the wood has become firm, but before it is quite dry, make the holes with the largest needle you can find, pressing the needle through the copper from the front to the back.

You'll find, if you try to make round buttons, that the only way to turn in the edges smoothly is to mold the copper around an old pearl or plastic button, leaving the old button right there as the filling, instead of the plastic wood. In this case, you cut the copper a little more than $\frac{1}{8}$ " larger, all around, than the button you are using.

Are you wondering about that nail lacquer you bought? It is used as a coating on finished articles to prevent the copper from discoloring. Before applying the lacquer, be sure to polish the articles by rubbing the entire surface with fine steel wool.

From this point on, you improvise to your heart's content. Copper pictures can be made to fit the top of cigar or other small wooden boxes. Fasten the copper to the box with tiny copper nails, or cement it on. Just be sure that the plastic-wood filling is absolutely smooth and flat, so that you get a perfect joining with the top of the box.

If you work with brass or aluminum foil rather than with copper foil, the technique is just the same. You can have a lot of fun with this simple handicraft and, with a little experience in handling your material, you should be quite delighted with the gifts and accessories you can make—almost for a song.

THE END

AN AMERICAN GIRL

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candy

SHE likes the best...
and when it comes to
candy - it's

Tootsie Rolls

Delicious, chocolaty,
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You'll be the Queen Bee of your crowd, buzzin' with ideas on gadgets, gimmicks, good times when you read TEEN-TOPICS. It's jumping with the latest, but *def.* It's out every month, and is only 25¢ for a whole year. So latch on to a right thing when you see it... send this Coupon NOW!

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Dennison

"On my honor . . ."

What do the Girl Scout Promise and Laws mean to you?
Here are the answers
of several Girl Scouts

THE GIRL SCOUT Promise and Laws are accepted by Girl Scouts the world over as their code to live by. Every girl must subscribe to them in order to be a Girl Scout. We felt that—whether or not you are a Girl Scout—you would like to know what the girls themselves really thought about them. So we asked girls at a number of Girl Scout camps to give us their answers to the question: "What do the Girl Scout Promise and Laws mean to you?" We are printing here the most interesting interpretations.

TWO MEANINGS have the Girl Scout Promise and Laws: one personal and the other world-wide.

This Girl Scout code belongs very much to me because I myself have made the Promise and accepted the Laws as my guides, and only in the measure that I use them will they be real to me. But there is a larger significance. The fact that thousands of girls in other countries voice and live the same Promise and Laws—girls who love the same things I do—means more to me than the fact that the laws are a good guide for living.

These Laws and Promise weld our hearts into joyous friendship—though I have never seen the girls—as a song welds the hearts of the singers.

SALLY HAWES (Age 16)

Troop 99

Charleston, West Virginia

A COMMENTATOR'S voice blasts from the radio with its monotonous message: "There is trouble throughout our world. These are hard times for people everywhere, times that make a man fear for his security and for his future." The members of a family listen and regard each other gravely.

On that same day, not far away, a group of Girl Scouts-to-be are being invested. Gradually as each girl says one Girl Scout Law and another girl recites the Girl Scout Promise, and each lights a candle, the room which was completely dark becomes light.

It is odd that in times of such crises, there is still a place in the world for such a simple, beautiful ceremony.

The Girl Scout Laws are a sort of criterion for the actions of Girl Scouts everywhere. They state that a Girl Scout should be cheerful, friendly, courteous, clean, thrifty, kind to animals, loyal, helpful. A Scout's pledge to obey these Laws, to help others, and to

do her duty to God and to her country are all included in the Promise. One might pause a moment to wonder why the Promise and Laws should pertain only to Girl Scouting; for are they not also a simple way for friendship and understanding among people and even nations?

Some future day when Girl Scouts have helped to spread good feeling throughout the world a commentator's voice may come forth from the same radio, but with a different message: "Times are changing for the better and there are signs of world peace"; and people shall hear it and smile with friendship, brotherhood, and hope.

LOUISE NEWIRTH (Age 14) Troop 2-9
Brooklyn, New York

WHEN A GIRL enters Scouting and says the Promise and Laws for the first time

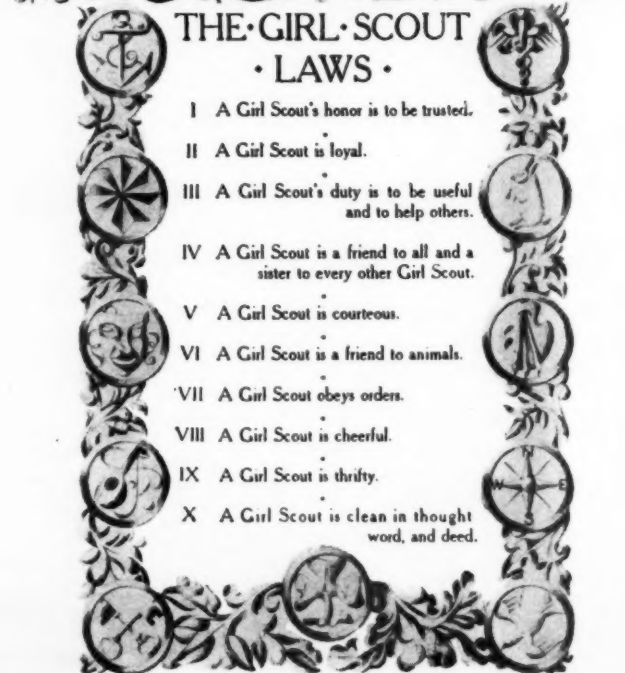
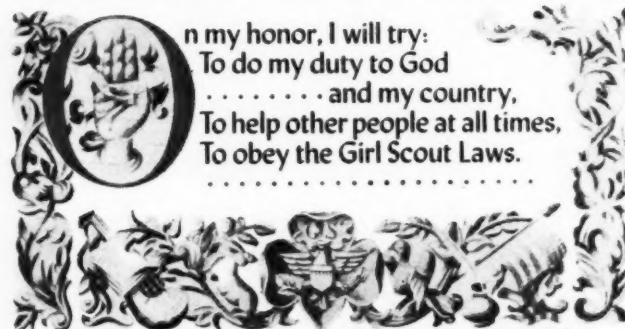
it gives her a special feeling of duty and something to live up to. As she grows in Scouting, participating in the different activities, the Promise and Laws grow in meaning. The Promise and Laws never meant very much to me until I started camping actively. When I'm out camping with a group of Girl Scouts each Law comes vividly alive.

"A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout." This is the law that means most to me. Never do you find such friends—true friends—as you do in Scouting. You meet girls from all over the world. Each has the same feeling of friendship. The world would be in such good shape if everyone had the feeling of friendship that all Girl Scouts do. Each race, each creed, each nation, all are blended into one under the Girl Scout Promise and Laws.

ANNA MARIE DIXON
(Age 16) Troop 48

South Charleston, West Virginia

THE GIRL SCOUT PROMISE



AT ABOUT THE AGE of ten, I became a Girl Scout, and was introduced to the Promise and Laws. Then they were just a mere ritual every Girl Scout had to know.

As the years have gone by, the Promise and Laws have had greater significance in my life. They are no longer words from memory, but a code of good living.

The Promise gives importance to loving God and our country. This means being good Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. It means helping others, not only in your own home, but dedicating your services without reluctance.

I was introduced to the Girl Scout Laws in the Promise. In my estimation, these rules should not only represent the Laws of Scouting, but should guide the lives of every human being. Friendship, loyalty, honor, cleanliness, thriftiness, cheerfulness, and obedience are as strong as Scouting itself. These words, that are the foundation of the Laws, are really the foundation of good character and citizenship.

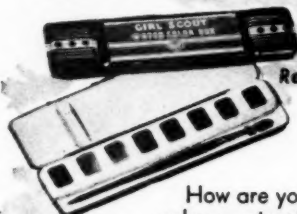
Perhaps when I help someone else, protect a hurt animal, or when I am trusted with the belongings of others, I do not think of the Girl Scout Laws. But, this is not because they are no longer important. It is because they are becoming a habit. For in my desire to become a better citizen, I have tried to make the Laws living words.

BARBARA HANNA
(Age 15) Troop 13
Bronxville, New York

Hobby Corner

For the Artistic

So you adore Beethoven's Sixth, the Great Bard, and Degas' painting? Then this is for you, the artistically inclined . . .



How are your water-color masterpieces doing? Here's a paint box with glorious rainbow colors, plus brown and black! 8 cakes and brush. 11-844a—40c



Quick click . . . slick pic

Are you one of those "anything-for-a-picture" shutterbugs? Then get a really good box camera that's a snap to operate! Green metal, chrome trim. Clicks 8 sharp and clear shots, 2 1/4" x 3 1/4" on #120 film. Instantaneous and time exposures. 11-802a—\$4.40



Really super!

There'll be more than meets the eye between the covers of this photo album . . . not just snapshots, but a favorite behind-the-picture story of you and yours! Gold stamped, green leatherette. Wire bound pages lie flat. 11-805a—40c

For the Collector



Swell for new-and-old-timers! Stamp outfit has stamps, album, tongs, hinges, and books on collecting. 11-810a—\$1

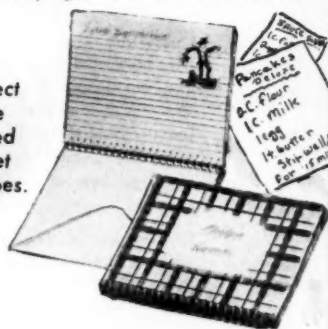
500 U.S. stamps. 11-811a—30c
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Sign your name please!

Friends and celebrities write prose and rhymes . . . your autograph album remembers happy times! Green leatherette. Pastel pages lie flat. 11-830a—40c

Collect those prized secret recipes.



There'll be great expectations from you if you keep a kitchen kapers book for tricky menu specialties. A marvelous workbook with file envelopes for food clippings. Plaid cover, witty sketches for the 10 sections. 11-826a—35c

For the Homemaker



Nimble fingers need a nifty sewing kit! Black, white and green thread, tan darning cotton, thimble, pins, needles—in green leatherette case. 11-557a—60c

Long or short, get the 48" measuring tape in white metal case. Rewinds automatically. 11-873a—25c



At home you'll be . . . a busy bee!

Sharp as sharp can be! Excellent scissors set for sewing crafts and all-purpose use. 7" shear, a straight trimmer, with clip point; 5" scissors of fine forged steel. Polished, nickel plated blades. Green enamel handles. Green leatherette case. Guaranteed. 11-874a—\$1.50

Cuts a pretty cooky-figure!



#1 on the kitchen parade — aluminum cooky cutter, trefoil shaped, makes home baked dainties taste even better! 2 1/2". 11-592a—10c

Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., Nat'l. Equip. Serv.
155 East 44 St., New York 17
1307 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3
245 Mission St., San Francisco 5

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Right: Girl Scouts of Bay Village, Ohio, on a visit to Canada, are photographed with their hostesses at a lawn picnic, given for them by Bloomfield and Picton, Ontario, Girl Guides



Below: Salute Her Majesty, the Queen! Girl Scout Mariner Dorothy Anderle, wearing her beautiful crown, reigns as Queen of the famous Rose Festival held annually in Portland, Oregon

Photo-Art Studios



When a Girl Scout Mariner was chosen as Queen of the Rose Festival this year in Portland, Oregon, Girl Scouts all over the State were thrilled. Every year, one girl from the senior class is chosen by the student body of each of the eight public high schools in Portland to be a Princess of the festival. From these eight Princesses, one is selected by a group of seven judges, on the basis of poise, speaking ability, and appearance, to be "Queen of Rosaria." So her sister Scouts were justly proud when this honor was conferred upon Mariner Scout Dorothy Anderle, seventeen, who has been in Scouting nearly seven years, and a member of Mariner troop "Yankee Clipper" for four years. During the festival, held this year from June 7 to 11, all citizens of Portland become subjects of the Queen, who presents the awards and prizes given during the celebration. The Queen and her Princesses visit veterans' and children's hospitals, rule over the Water Carnival and other special events, and ride on a special float in the huge parade which is one of the highlights of the festival. Last, but certainly not least, all members of the Royal Court receive Rose Festival scholarships to the colleges of their choice.

Girl Scouts of Troop 16, Pawling, New York, present Lowell Thomas with a bouquet of the prize-winning roses named in his honor



Publicity Photographers

OCTOBER, 1950

All Over the Map

Headline News
in Girl Scouting

☘ To mark their acquisition of Senior Girl Scout rank, the members of Troop 307, in Bay Village, Ohio, felt they wanted to do something pretty special during summer vacation this year. Why not a trip to Canada? The idea met with great enthusiasm—but there was the little matter of raising, between February and June, the necessary five hundred dollars! Undaunted, the girls went to work. They held rummage and bake sales; sold greeting cards and gift wrappings; took over refreshment concessions at games and other local gatherings. It was a nip-and-tuck struggle, but successful, and on Sunday, June 11, the sixteen girls, with their leader and another chaperone, left Cleveland by bus, en route to Buffalo on the first leg of their trip to Canada. Soon after leaving Buffalo they had the new and exciting experience of going through Customs before they entered Canada. After a rest and breakfast in Toronto, they started on the last lap of their five-hundred-mile journey to "The Outlet," in Prince Edward County, Ontario. Then began a wonderful week. The evening they arrived, a dance was given in their honor, with students of the near-by Royal Canadian Artillery School among the guests. Swimming and rowing were the principal diversions in the daytime, and one of their happiest experiences was a trip to the Sand Banks. The girls were delighted with the beautiful, glistening sand dunes, some of them more than fifty feet high, running down to a perfect beach where they all went swimming. On Saturday, a group of Canadian Girl Guides, with two leaders and their commissioner, took the Ohio Girl Scouts by bus and car on a sightseeing tour of Prince Edward County. Afterward, the Girl Scouts were guests at a picnic supper at the home of the commissioner. They were reluctant to start homeward the following day, but the return trip had exciting moments, too, particularly when they were able to stop for a sightseeing visit to Niagara Falls. The girls all agreed that the trip was worth every bit of the hard work that had made it possible, especially because of the many new friends they had made.

☘ One very rainy day last spring, in Japan, a group of American Boy and Girl Scouts helped plant an acre of ground with nine hundred two-year-old seedlings of the sugi tree, one of the important commercial trees in Japan. The thirty-five Girl Scouts who took part in this establishment of the Tokyo American Scout Forest represented six troops of American Girl Scouts in the Tokyo area. The planting of this American Scout Forest was a part of "Green Week," observed all over Japan as a National Tree Planting Week, and has stimulated the establishment of similar Scout Forests in other parts of the country, by Japanese as well as American Boy and Girl Scouts.

☘ Girl Scouts and roses seem to be in the news this month. When the National Rose Jury selected the "Lowell Thomas" as one of the ten finest roses developed in the past decade, Troop 16 of Pawling, New York, of which Mr. Thomas' niece is a member, presented a bouquet of the flowers named in his honor to the famous journalist and radio commentator. The "Lowell Thomas," a rich, golden-yellow rose which grows on a long, graceful stem, was chosen as the "All-American Rose Selection" for 1944, and now has placed third among the top ten varieties of roses. THE END

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July 28, 1950

The Honorable Harry S. Truman
The White House
Washington 25, D. C.

THE GIRL SCOUTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WITH MEMBERSHIP OF 1,194,641 GIRLS FROM SEVEN TO EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE, AND 355,637 ADULTS, REQUESTS THE PRIVILEGE OF ASSISTING, WITHIN THE LIMITS OF ITS CAPACITY, THE EFFORTS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN THIS NATIONAL EMERGENCY.

Mrs. C. Vaughan Ferguson
President

THE PRESIDENT IS GRATEFUL . . .

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 31, 1950

Dear Mrs. Ferguson:

Your splendid telegram of July twenty-eighth is appreciated immensely. It is most gratifying to know that the entire membership of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America is patriotically asking for the privilege of serving their Government to the limit of their capacity in the present emergency.

I am passing your message on to Honorable W. Stuart Symington, Chairman of the National Security Resources Board, so that he may give consideration to your generous offer of service. It is Chairman Symington's function to advise me concerning the coordination of military, industrial and civilian mobilization.

Very sincerely yours,

Harry S. Truman

Mrs. C. Vaughan Ferguson,
President,
Girl Scouts of the United
States of America,
155 East 14th Street,
New York, N. Y.

MRS. FERGUSON'S MESSAGE TO YOU . . .

Dear Girl Scouts:

As you read the newspapers and listen to the radio these days, I know that each of you must be wondering what you can do; how you can help in our country's effort, under the United Nations, to preserve democracy and keep peace in the world.

You can see from the telegram and letter printed above that in planning ways to meet whatever emergencies may arise, the President and his advisers are keeping in mind your willingness and ability to serve. Your national organization has a full-time representative in Washington to keep all of us in touch with what is going on and to let us know quickly if any kind of special service is needed from the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

In the meantime, I hope you will remember that although special services often seem the most glamorous, they are not the only or even necessarily the most important services in time of national stress. As your parents and grown-up leaders are confronted with an increasing number of urgent problems, they will need your assistance more than ever before; and the things that you have been doing all along at home, at school, and in the community, carrying out your Girl Scout Promise "to help other people at all times," will take on a new and special significance.

At times when our nation has had special need for the help of every citizen, the Girl Scout organization has always come to the fore and grown rapidly in membership; for girls can see that Scouting offers them a way to share both individually and as a group in whatever job their country has to do. With this tradition of service in mind, I think every one of us can be especially proud and glad just now to belong to the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. C. VAUGHAN FERGUSON
National President—GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

IT'S EASY TO EARN MONEY FOR YOUR COUNCIL FUND

WITH *Weston's* GIRL SCOUT COOKIES

You can get the money you need for all your activities by selling **Weston Girl Scout Cookies**. They're baked especially for you and bear the Official Girl Scout Seal. **Weston** cookies are good to eat—easy to sell. Two kinds are baked for the Scouts:

CREAM-FILLED SANDWICH COOKIES
WAFER TYPE COOKIES



To make your **Weston** cookie sale a huge success and a "businesslike" affair we have all the helps you want—order books, window posters, movie reels, radio discs. In addition we forward complete information and samples for committee meetings. For quick service get in touch with our plant nearest you. Your questions—your orders—always receive our most courteous and prompt attention.



WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY

PASSAIC, N. J., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., BURBANK, CALIF., WACO, TEXAS

The Newspaper Game

(Continued from page 13)

according to the material available for an issue.

You may want to set aside a column for minutes of meetings prepared by your club secretary. The club president may also have a "spot" of her own. If you have out-of-town readers, save a column or page for their news and letters (omitting, of course, all personal messages not intended for general circulation).

Reserve a regular space for printing your masthead. That's the listing of the staff by name and position. The upper or lower left-hand column on page two is a good place for it.

You will need headlines for your stories. "Banners" are headlines which go clear across the page, and a banner may well be used at the top of page one. Headlines with verbs are often very effective. For instance, "Hike Thrills Crowd" or "Hike Provides Fun" are better headlines than "Fun on Hike." Banner headlines should be just one line long, but one-column headlines can be two or three lines long.

THE MECHANICAL production of the paper is important, and you should understand the full procedure in "getting out" an issue. Unless you have a very fat treasury you probably can't afford to have your paper printed commercially—at a print shop or newspaper plant. A printed paper looks nice, for sure, but you pay others to do the work for you—and, really, it's more fun to do it yourself.

Instead of attempting a printed sheet, why not mimeograph or hectograph your paper? There'll be some expense in these methods—but just a fraction of what actual printing costs would be.

Secondhand mimeograph machines can be purchased from office equipment stores. These may run from \$5 to \$50, depending on their kind and condition. New mimeographs run from \$35 up. In mimeographing, a stencil is cut. Your columns of copy are cut on the stencil by a typewriter. Drawings and hand lettering (for the name of your paper and for headlines, if you wish) are cut with a special pencil-like "stylus."

The stencil is placed over a circular drum inside of which is thick, black ink. The stencil allows ink to seep through only where it has been cut. As the drum revolves, paper slides underneath. The ink which seeps through the cut part is pressed against the paper as the stencil and the drum revolve.

In one club, the girls set up a sort of "assembly line" when the paper went to press. One girl turned the drum, another checked the ink supply, another fed the paper, a fourth picked up the finished pages (wet with ink from the drum!) and, finally, another stacked them in order. Working together like that, the job was done much more easily and quickly.

A method that is cheaper than mimeographing—and yet very satisfactory for a small number of copies—involves the use of a hectograph, sometimes called a "gelatin mimeograph." You should be able to buy a new one for around \$3. The machine is nothing more than a metal tray full of a thick jelly-like substance, which reacts to the special carbon paper on which you type

up your news. Runs of from twenty-five to fifty copies can be done neatly with a hectograph.

If you have more than one sheet to an issue, the sheets should be fastened together. A simple way to do this is to staple the sheets at the left margin.

You should try always to get your paper out at a regular time. If you decide to go to press once a week or more often, you'll probably find you'll be skipping issues because you don't have enough material or time. One issue every two weeks or once a month works out fine for many groups.

AND NOW—how about getting your paper to readers? You'll have to mail copies to out-of-towners. Enclose them in envelopes, to assure delivery in good condition, and ask your postmaster about rates. For readers about town, you can probably work out a good delivery system using staff members.

Whether your paper goes out of town or just stays in the same block at home, there's sure to be a lot of interest in it—and you'll have lots of fun, too.

Good luck! And let me hear from you if you run into any problems and need help.

THE END

Stairway to the Sky

(Continued from page 11)

way they always did even with the others there. In spite of herself, there was a tinge of excitement in her preparations. Should she wear the blue, that matched her eyes? Or the dark red, that would pick up the color in her cheeks? She decided on the red.

That was the night Hugo began to tell her about his life plans. She was surprised to find how far into the future those plans went. Increase of pay, promotion, then marriage. Step by step he outlined the road he would travel to success. But the big surprise for Christine came when he said, "You realize this is *our* future I'm talking about, don't you?"

She must stop that at once. "What nonsense, Hugo! Why, we hardly know each other."

"I wouldn't say that," he demurred. "Besides, I didn't plan it this way at all. But you're the one, and I know it. Throws my schedule out, but I wouldn't have it any other way."

Christine found it hard not to treat this as a joke, but one look into Hugo's eyes told her he was in earnest. "You'll learn to feel the way I do," he told her confidently, "even if you don't yet. You're my girl, Chris. You have to be."

"But I'm not in love with you," Chris persisted, "or anybody. I don't want to be. There are things I want to do. I do like you, though I didn't think I would. Why can't we go on the way we are?"

Hugo's eyes were stormy. He likes his own way, Chris thought. But he replied grudgingly, "I suppose we can. I couldn't face not seeing you any more."

Christine smiled indulgently. He would get over this. "I don't want to fall in love," she repeated. "I want to write."

"Yes, yes, I know. Till you're married. But after that—"

"There you go again," exclaimed Christine tartly, and the evening ended on the familiar note of controversy. But later, when she was hanging up the pretty red dress, Christine thought: He has nice eyes, and he was sort

(Continued on page 45)

all set for a winning



Rooting for your
"over the goal"
jacket . . . cheering
for the highest-scoring
topper of the season!

Snuggly wool jacket in lovely rich green is wonderfully cozy on nippy days. Smartly tailored for a custom made fit! Finest 100% virgin wool, 22 oz., with soft-as-fur, fluffy nap. Detachable emblem. Sizes 10-16. 8-281a—\$9.50

Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., Nat'l. Equip. Serv.

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



THE BLACK ROSE—Beautifully filmed in Technicolor, this is a tale of the stirring days following the Norman conquest of England. Rather than serve the Norman king a young Saxon, Walter of Gurnea (Tyronne Power) leaves England with his friend Tristram (Jack Hawkins) to seek his fortune in the Far East. He has many hair-raising adventures, rescues the beautiful "Black Rose" (Cecile Aubrey) from a Mongolian chief, Bayan, (Orson Welles) and gets as far as Cathay. (20th Century-Fox)



TEA FOR TWO—A lighthearted picture, with gay singing and dancing. At a party for present-day teen-agers, a producer brings back, in reminiscence, the romance, heartaches, and fun of putting on the hit musical comedy, "No, No, Nanette." This picture takes its title from one of the most popular tunes of that musical. There's plenty of laughter for youngsters and oldsters, and excellent performances are given by the stars, S. Z. Sakall, Doris Day, and Gordon MacRae. (Warner Bros.)



SADDLE TRAMP—This is a Western with a different turn to the story. Joel McCrea is a roaming cowboy, Chuck Connors, whose ambition is to avoid permanent ties of any kind. Circumstances, however, force him to adopt four small orphan boys, and further responsibility is added in the person of Della, a runaway girl who is played by Wanda Hendrix. A mysterious range war causes some exciting moments in the picture, which is another Technicolor production. (Universal-International)



FANCY PANTS—Here's Bob Hope again! In this Technicolor picture he is an American actor who travels from London to New Mexico as a protégé of Lucille Ball's socially ambitious but untutored mother, Lea Penman. Impersonating in turn a gentleman, a gentleman and a member of the British nobility, Bob has a difficult time as he tries to avoid taking part in a fox hunt on the Western desert, and a wonderful time outwitting his opponent in love and sports, Bruce Cabot. (Paramount)

Stairway to the Sky

(Continued from page 43)

of appealing there for a while in his own way.

Only two weeks to Christmas now. Christine was tired at night, and had little energy for writing. But over the week ends she tried to do a little. One day John handed her a magazine. "Do you know this?" he inquired. Christine shook her head.

"Writers' Friend," she read. "I knew there were magazines for writers, but I've never seen one."

"There are better ones, but this has a large circulation. Take it home tonight."

"Thanks, John." She rifled the pages. "What heaps of ads!"

"Yes, people who swear they can make a writer of you. 'Scores of my clients now in print,' he quoted. 'In fairness to yourself, send for our SURE TO SELL series of lessons . . . We can start you spinning on the road to SUCCESS . . .' But of course the ads aren't the whole book. Read it and make up your own mind."

Christine was wide-eyed. "Do they really say that?"

John laughed. "That and more."

Some customers came in and then they were both busy. It was nearly noon when Christine looked up from wrapping a package to find Hugo standing in front of her.

"Hi, Chris!" He grinned. "Lunch?"

But she had to refuse. "While this rush is on, I just have a sandwich in the back room. Sorry, Hugo."

LATER, PROWLING about uneasily, she ate her sandwich and drank a glass of milk. She must tell Hugo not to come to the shop to see her again. She didn't intend to mix social life with business. Then she remembered what Cousin Retta had proposed at dinner last Sunday. "I think I'd better see that young man you work for, Christine. How about inviting him to dinner, so I can look him over?"

"Oh, no, Cousin Retta," Christine had protested instantly. "He'd think—"

"He'd think he was invited to dinner," Cousin Retta had returned. "There was a time when people were glad to dine with Henrietta Graham. Even your John, Prop., would have liked to come."

"He isn't my John anything. I work for him, that's all." But her irritation had died quickly. It was quite true. Cousin Retta had known interesting and important people. Now, most of them had forgotten her, and she led a lonely life. Christine wished there were something she could do. But not have John to dinner. Not that.

It was getting on toward closing time when Christine had her second surprise of the day. Cousin Felix! In the shop!

"I want to buy a book," he said gravely.

"Yes, sir," Christine replied in her best professional manner. "We have some."

It was a special book he wanted, the one Walter Damrosch's daughter had written about the family. "Christmas, for Rett," he explained. "She knew them all so well."

Just then John appeared in the inner doorway, and Christine called, "Come and meet my Cousin Felix."

It was a surprise to hear Cousin Felix say, "I knew your father, young man. Harbor transportation, both of us. Family businesses, from generations back." Their conversation was lively after that, and before it was over Cousin Felix had invited John

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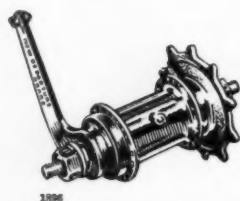
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to dinner. "My sister Henrietta will want to talk about old times on the Heights. I'll have her call you up."

"Brother Fix," Christine accused as she and Cousin Felix walked home. "How did you know what Summerfield he was?"

And he answered, "You can always find out, if you take the trouble. You don't mind, do you?"

"No. This way he isn't coming because he's my boss."

She sat with the cousins that evening while she read the "Writers' Friend." It wasn't long before she found herself out of her depth. Story line—reader identification—angle of narration—she didn't even know what they were talking about. "But I'll find out." She made notes on her yellow pad and went back to her reading.

Cousin Retta's voice broke into Christine's absorption. "What do you write your stories about?" Her eyes were on the yellow pad.

Christine had no time to evade the question. "The last one's about that time three years ago at Shelter Island, when Judy was scared because Hobbie was caught out in the fog. I called them Nance and Kenny in the story."

"Did you finish it?" Cousin Felix asked. "No," Christine admitted. "Not enough happened, really."

"Make things happen," suggested Cousin Felix. "It's your story. Just suppose a motorboat had come along, run into Hobbie in the skiff, thrown him out, picked him up, and then anchored there till the fog lifted. And suppose Judy had got Cap'n Zekiel to row out and he'd found the skiff bottom up—"

"Felix," interrupted Cousin Retta, "how do you know what to put in a story?"

"I don't," said Cousin Felix. "But it's just common sense. You try it, Christie."

He went over to pick up Cousin Retta's fallen book. "Oh, Rett," he said, "I invited a young man to dinner. I told him you'd call him and set a date. He's a grandson of old Cap'n Summerfield, who started Summerfield and Company."

"Is he in the business?" asked Cousin Retta. Cousin Felix smiled. "No, he runs a bookshop. Ask Christie."

Cousin Retta looked at Christine and laughed. "Felix put one over on you? We might ask Hugo for you—and Judy to balance the table."

"Oh, no, don't," Christine sat up straight. "What's the matter with you, Christine?"

"Can't you ever agree to anything? Some girls would appreciate a little help in building a social life. But not you!"

Cousin Retta was ready to argue, but Cousin Felix put in eagerly, "Oh, say, Rett, here's a whole picture article on the Heights; and here's our own block. Look, Rett!"

CHRISTINE slipped quietly out of her chair and up the stairs. She wanted to try some of Cousin Felix's ideas. This time, she thought she really could turn out a story.

During the next week she spent every spare minute writing. Monday morning she laid the manuscript on John's desk.

As Christmas approached, time seemed to fly. Days were crowded with work, and the shop was open three nights a week, too. Twice Christine had to refuse dates with Hugo. There just wasn't time.

Once Hugo complained impatiently, "I'll be glad when you haven't any job and have some time for me."

Christine answered testily, "I'll always have a job. I'm going to write." Wearily,

she added, "We don't even speak the same language, Hugo."

"Maybe we don't," he replied with returning good humor, "but I'm going to teach you mine." And that night when the shop closed at nine, she found him waiting for her. He took her arm possessively.

"We're going to the St. George. Bet you had no dinner."

"Of course I had dinner." But there was something sweet about his protective arm against hers. As they crossed the little park around the Beecher statue, she began to wonder if she were not just a bit in love with Hugo, after all. But when later he scolded her about her long hours and her boss's lack of consideration, she protested hotly. "John is so considerate, and I love my job!"

Hugo came back with, "So now it's John. And you love your job." The sweet protectiveness was gone. She and Hugo did not indeed speak the same language.

"Don't order much for me," she said. "I want to get home."

Cousin RETTA did not want to wait till after Christmas to have John for dinner, and she called him up to set a date.

"It must be tough for a woman like her," John said after he had talked with her, "to have to sit in a chair all day."

Christine remembered this when on the night of the dinner John asked, "What do you do, Miss Graham, now that we can't hear you play any more?"

Cousin Retta's answer was prompt. "I sit," she replied grimly. "The other people in this house do things. I suppose you know Christine wants to throw her chip into the stream of books and think it's a boat."

"Maybe it is a boat," said John. Cousin Retta laughed.

Christine was sure the dinner was successful. The old dining room glowed with the warm light of fire on the cherry wainscoting and the tall inside shutters at the windows. Elegant in the eighties, the room was still elegant, and Christine was proud to have John see it. "I'll put it in a book someday," she told herself.

After John had gone Cousin Retta said, "Nice boy. Looks like the Summerfields. But not very practical, or he wouldn't have set up a pint-sized bookshop." For a moment she was silent. Then she added, "No. You take Hugo. Forget your John, Prop."

"I don't want anybody," Christine said indignantly. "And my John, Prop., as you call him, doesn't even know I exist—that way, I mean. He's just the man I work for."

"Well, he's at a marriageable age. And so are you. But you keep your mind on Hugo if you want a good husband. Hugo's practical."

"I don't want any kind of husband. That's the last thing I want," Christine fled up the stairs, wishing fervently that Cousin Retta had something of her own to think about, something that would keep her mind off Christine's affairs. And something, she thought contritely, that would make Cousin Retta happy. It was hard to remember, sometimes, that Cousin Retta needed happiness as much as Christine wanted it for herself. She began to get ready for bed. When would John bring back her story, the story she had so fearfully left on his desk for him to read? And would he turn thumbs up or down? Suddenly it was important for her to know.

(To be continued)

IT'S NEWS

October 1950

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Books

(Continued from page 3)

of the sights, sounds, and smells of stable and paddock. Wonderful drawings by Paul Brown, the famous horse artist, make this a book worth owning.

Sun in the Morning. By ELIZABETH CADELL. William Morrow & Company, \$2.50. Calm, untidy Poopy, chic Marise, and the musical "I" of this amusing book make one of the gayest triumverates since *The Three Musketeers*. And although the girls have adventures only possible in India, the loyalty and humor of their friendship are universal. The book records the start of the trio's relationship—it was in Calcutta in 1913, with the girls not yet in their teens—but more than half the volume deals with their reunion in India seven years later, after a separation caused by World War I. Magically, the friendship picks up where it left off, and the three girls, with two British ladies, set out for "Landslide House" in the hills, where they are to stay for the hot season and the monsoon. The hair-raising railway journey up to Darjeeling, difficulties with a cook whose English vocabulary consists of "Berry good," trips on hill ponies, and the appearance of William Lancaster, with whom Poopy falls irretrievably in love, are told with a wonderful, "hearts-were-young-and-gay" touch. There is much more to the story than this, of course, and amusing black and white illustrations add to the fun. How strictly autobiographical this book may be is not made clear, but it is true that the author was raised in India and England. She must have had almost as good a time writing this sparkling, unusual book as you will have reading it.

Joan Foster, Senior. By ALICE ROSS COLVER. Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50. Few of us in real life may know anyone as popular, attractive, and talented as Joan Foster, but no one will deny that it is a pleasant escape to follow the career of such an outstanding girl. Not that Joan has no troubles! In Arizona, where she serves as a counselor at B Bar Ranch, she must deal with aggravating problem children. And then there is the staggering jolt delivered by handsome Don Barton when, on a moonlight horseback ride, he explains how his affections are divided. Back at college, as senior class president, Joan finds many demands on her time and energy, and panics at the thought of embarking on a novel she is required to write for an English seminar. Readers of earlier books in the Joan series will know that she faces difficulties with courage and good sense, and new and old friends of Joan will enjoy these latest experiences. The auto trip to Arizona, ranch life, Indian ceremonies, and exciting last-year college events like the Ring Dinner, Senior Play, May Day, and Commencement, plus a pair of weddings, weave a promising end in which Todd—the boy next door—plays an intriguing part. **THE END**

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

Give *The American Girl* at least six weeks' notice, so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to *The American Girl*, 155 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17.

WHERE TO BUY

AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

The **PRIZE PURCHASE** on page 19 may be purchased at these stores:

Albany, N. Y. McManus & Riley
Brooklyn, N. Y. Abraham & Straus
Baltimore, Md. Hutzler Bros.
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Chicago, Ill. Carson, Pirie Scott
Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Newark, N. J. Bamberger's
New Orleans, La. Leon Godchaux
New York, N. Y. Wanamaker's
Philadelphia, Pa. Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa. Joseph Horne Co.
Rochester, N. Y. B. Forman
San Francisco, Calif. Jos. Magnin Co.
Washington, D. C. Woodward & Lothrop

The **CHECKED TAFFETA DRESS** for chubbies on page 20 may be purchased at these stores:

Cincinnati, O. H. S. Pogue
Indianapolis, Ind. H. P. Wasson
Memphis, Tenn. Goldsmith's
Newark, N. J. The Hahne Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. Gimbel Bros.
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January Recipe Exchange

Subject: **BREAKFAST MAIN DISHES**

Date Due: **OCTOBER 20**

• The *AMERICAN GIRL* Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the January issue must reach us by October 20.

• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.

• **JUDITH MILLER**, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, *The AMERICAN GIRL* will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, *American Girl* Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.



RAY PROHASKA

**Whose Typical American Girl Is
Our October Cover Girl**

Ray Prohaska's career is the kind that art students dream about. Born in Yugoslavia, he studied in San Francisco, Paris, Berlin, and Munich. He has been associated with top advertising agencies, has done art work for well-known national firms, and has illustrated stories for leading magazines.

Besides his commercial art, Mr. Prohaska finds time for exhibition painting also, and that is what he likes to do best. His paintings have been widely exhibited in art galleries and museums, and many are in private collections. The

sea is his favorite subject.

The Prohaska home is at Amagansett, Long Island. It's just a mile or so from the ocean, so that he can paint the sea in his leisure time and also indulge in his favorite sport—surf-fishing. In the photograph above, you see him proudly displaying a "big catch" to his son.

Mr. Prohaska picked his model for the Typical American Girl Painting because of the vitality and sparkle of her expression. He first saw her sitting in the sunshine near his studio, and painted her as he originally viewed her.

Important Announcement!

AWARDS TO BE GIVEN FOR BEST LETTERS
ON TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL PAINTINGS

WOULD YOU like to own a set of reproductions of the Typical American Girl Paintings by distinguished American artists? The American Girl Magazine is offering you a chance to win a set.

During recent months, reproductions of these paintings have appeared on the cover of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The fifth painting appears this month. The sixth and final painting in the series will appear on the January, 1951 *AMERICAN GIRL* cover. After you have seen the final "Typical American Girl" cover, compare all of them carefully. Then write us a letter answering these questions: Which painting do you like best and why? Does your favorite painting represent your own idea of the typical American girl? If so, why? If not, why not?

IMPORTANT: Be sure to save your copies of the magazine which have the reproductions on the cover: You'll want the covers to study together so that you can decide on your favorite. And you'll need the photographs of the artists that appear in the same issues. To be eligible for an award, your letter must be accompanied by these photographs, clipped from the magazine. Typical American girl covers previously appeared in April, May, July and September. Please don't send for back issues. Sorry! They're not available.

To the writers of the seven best letters, *The American Girl Magazine* will send a portfolio containing reproductions of all the original Typical American Girl Paintings, suitable for framing. In addition, an award of \$10 will be given to the writer of the winning letter. A \$5 award will be given for the second-best letter, and there will be five Honorable-Mention awards of \$1 each.

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

1. Write a letter, not more than 500 words, answering these questions: Which of the Typical American Girl Paintings do you like the best and why. Does this painting represent your own idea of the typical American girl? If so, why? If not, why not?

2. Letters must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

3. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, type or print your name, address, and age.

4. Attach to your letter the photographs of the artists who did the paintings. An artist's photograph will appear in each issue when a painting is reproduced on the cover.

5. All letters submitted become the property of

The American Girl Magazine, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Judging will be based mainly on the ideas expressed, and the decision of the judges is final.

6. Don't write your letter until all the paintings have appeared. Write one letter when you have seen and compared all the paintings.

7. The closing date of the contest, and instructions for addressing your letters, will be announced later in the magazine. Meanwhile be sure to save your copies of the magazine which have the Typical American Girl Paintings on the covers.

Remember that your letter will not be eligible for an award unless it is accompanied by the photographs of the artists, clipped from the magazines.

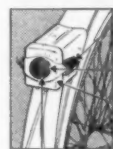
Sensational

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Mounts easily on the rear fender of any bicycle. Turn signal switch fits all handlebars. Sparkling baked white enamel finish. Uses 2 standard 1 1/4" flashlight batteries. Get yours soon!



A TURN SIGNAL... A flip of the handlebar switch flashes either the left or right arrow to show you intend to turn.

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MYRON STAMP CO., Dept. 123, Springfield, Mass.

MY WORD: WHAT A BARGAIN!

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ONLY 3¢! ALSO VALUABLE PUBLICATIONS GIVEN. SEND TODAY!

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approval buyers for only 10¢.

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GIVEN! "THE STAMP FINDER"

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valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary," Stamp Treasures

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"Approvals," or "approval sheets," means sheets with

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The only obligation on the part of the recipient of

"Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly

and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector

should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return

the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as

when received enclosing with it the price of the stamps

he has detached and, most important, his name, street

address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice

number.

Jokes

BANG! BANG!

DOT: Name two shooting stars.
MARY: I can't name any.
DOT: Gene Autry and Roy Rogers.
Sent by RACHEL ANN HOOKER, Amarillo, Texas

TIME OUT FOR WASHING

JILL: I don't see how those football players ever get clean.
JANE: What do you think the scrub team is for?
Sent by BEATRICE BILLS, Binghamton, New York

GOING, GOING . . .

FATHER: Who was that you were talking to for an hour at the gate?
DAUGHTER: Jane Smith—she didn't have time to come in.
Sent by GERTRUDE WALSH, Wamego, Kansas

EFFICIENCY PLUS

BOSS: You're the laziest boy we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?
BOY: Yes, sir. Nobody can get tired as quickly as I can.
Sent by JANET GRAY, Cincinnati, Ohio

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

The doctor was very pleased with his patient's progress.
"You're coughing more easily this morning," he said cheerfully.
"Well, for gosh sakes, I ought to be," replied the patient. "I've been practicing all night."
Sent by HELEN O'HARA, Syracuse, New York

BEWILDERED

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR (going around in a revolving door): Bless me! I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out.
Sent by JUDY LEE HART, Monarch, Wyoming

IT'S ONLY POLITE

JIM: Why do you always take off your hat when I tell you a joke?
TOM: That's just my way of greeting an old acquaintance.
Sent by KATHLEEN HESSE, West Orange, New Jersey

BARGAIN SALE

FATHER: I'm sorry, son, but we can't buy this mutt.
YOUNG SON: But Dad, he's no mutt, he's four kinds of thoroughbred.
Sent by DOREEN MARTINO, Rocky Hill, Connecticut

HORTICULTURE

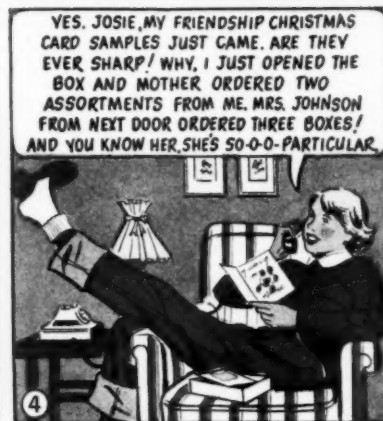
A young woman, touring the country, stopped in a strange town and asked one of the citizens:
"What do you have that is of unusual interest in your city?"
"Well, we have the only helium plant in the world, for one thing."
"Really? And is it in bloom now?"
Sent by DIANE CARUSO, Liverpool, New York

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"He's been hanging around the campus so long, they gave him an honorary pedigree."

DOTTY EARNS EXTRA DOLLARS AND HAS FUN DOING IT, TOO!



GIRLS! *You Can Earn* EXTRA MONEY Sell FRIENDSHIP Christmas Cards

Have extra spending money! Show lovely Friendship Cards to friends, others. Smartly designed, handy Assortments sell fast, pay big!

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Do not neglect wounds, however small; even scratches and small cuts may become infected if they are not properly treated.

'Mercurochrome' (H. W. & D. brand of merbromin, dibromoxymercurifluorescein-sodium) is one of the best antiseptics for first aid use. It is accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association for this purpose.

The 2% aqueous solution does not sting and can be applied safely to small wounds. Children do not hesitate to report their injuries promptly when 'Mercurochrome' is the household antiseptic, because they know that they will not be hurt. Other advantages are that solutions keep indefinitely and the color shows just where it has been applied.

Doctors have used 'Mercurochrome' for more than 28 years.

Keep a bottle of 'Mercurochrome' handy for the first aid care of all minor wounds. Do not fail to call a physician in more serious cases.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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